JOHN BULL, week ending September 4, 1943

JOHN BULL

VOL. LXXIV. 1942

3D EVERY THURSDAY

BRAVE NEW WORLD? Asks HANNEN SWAFFER

BLACK MARKET BOOM

END IT QUICKLY! By A.G.G.

Where's my BOURNVILLE COCOA ?

He looks forward to his Bournville Cocoa with its rich chocolate flavour—though he may not be much concerned about these 5 reasons why it does him good: (1) *Extra* nourishment, (2) an aid to digestion, (3) contains iron, the blood enricher, (4) *and* phosphates for healthy growth, (5) *and* the Sunshine Vitamin D.

LESS THAN PRE-WAR PRICE . . . . . **5d A QUARTER**

It isn't you
(it's your soap-suds)
that needs the tonic!

Use

MAZO

tablets to energize the soap-suds, and to do the hard work for you!

MAZO

Soap Energizing Tablets

Three 3d packets, each of 5 tablets, for 1 coupon

MZ 93-541

Selling Agents: T. H. HARRIS & SONS LTD., LONDON, E.15

KODAK FILM

is in the skies

helping to bring home vital information

* Illustration shows R.A.F. photographer pressing remote control button of aerial camera. Most of our reconnaissance pictures are taken in this way. If you have difficulty in getting a spool of Kodak film, remember it is because so much Kodak film is doing vital work—helping to bring peace (and peace-time snaps) back to reality.

Kodak Limited, Kodak House, Kingsway, London, W.C.2

F 35

Is your child safe?

Diphtheria can strike at any child—even the best cared-for. Children under six are specially liable, and the effects (even if not fatal) may last a lifetime. Protect your child now.

What do I do . . . ?

I ask about free immunisation at my Council Offices, Welfare Centre, or the child's school.
I remember that the treatment is safe and simple.
As October to March is the danger period, and protection takes about three months to develop, I get my child treated *now* ready for the winter, if it has not already been immunised.

Issued by the Ministry of Information
Space presented to the Nation by the Brewers' Society

Sturdier!

...he's eating

MORE WEETABIX

—that's why!

Weetabix, with milk, for breakfast! At other times of the day his Mother serves it in many other delicious ways, knowing well that Weetabix provides all the food-goodness that children need for healthy growth.

Whether or not you can get Weetabix depends on where you live for all cereals are now "zoned." If you live in a Weetabix area, you are *doubly* fortunate! Weetabix is the best value for points, and should have top-place on every shopping list!

Weetabix

MORE than a Breakfast Food

Weetabix, Ltd., Burton Latimer, Northants.

ZW 204

This meal-time drink is a food as well

Your family's regular meal-time drink can be a good body-building, energy-giving food—Rowntree's Cocoa. It is nourishing and easily digestible, and even makes it easier to digest your other food.

ROWNTREE'S COCOA

makes every meal go further

GIVE YOUR TEETH A SHINE WITH

Gibbs DENTIFRICE

7½d

REFILLS 7d & 11½d
(Excluding Purchase Tax)
Prices U.K. only.

NO MESS

NO WASTE

the last brushful is as effective as the first

W. GIBBS LTD. LONDON E.C.4. GD 2940

FOOD FACTS

M.F.

THE POTATO FIELD IS A BATTLE FIELD TOO!

Do you realise that the *same piece of ground* has to grow first potatoes and then (after the potatoes are lifted) next spring's green vegetables? The earlier the potatoes are lifted the more greens we are likely to get for people who cannot grow their own, and the way to get potatoes lifted early is to eat plenty of them at this time of the year. If you do this you are (1) eating good stuff while it is plentiful and cheap and fresh; (2) helping the farmer to help you later on with green vegetables; (3) helping to plan victory on the food front as well as helping the Forces to win their victories in the field of battle.

QUESTIONS YOU ASK ABOUT POTATOES:

1. *What is the food value of potatoes?* Potatoes contain starch for energy. Potatoes are a good source of Vitamin C and iron, and contain a fair amount of other minerals and the B vitamins.

2. *Are potatoes fattening?* No food is fattening unless it provides calories in excess of one's needs. If you want to avoid putting on weight eat potatoes and cut down on bread.

WHEN GREENS ARE SCARCE

Dry weather has reduced our present supplies of green vegetables. You can make sure of getting your daily supply of Vitamin C by eating all the fruit you can, and making the very most of what greens there are. Broccoli and cauliflower leaves make an extra green vegetable. Use the coarse but valuable outer leaves of cabbage for soup or gravy, and the heart and inner leaves raw in salads. Weight for weight, raw cabbage is twice as rich in Vitamin C as an orange, and one ounce of raw cabbage will give you more units of Vitamin C than twice the amount of cooked cabbage.

Parsley is very rich in Vitamin C. Include it in your salads. Sprinkle it, finely chopped, over potatoes and other vegetables, and add it just before serving, to stew, soup and gravy. Make parsley sandwiches for the children's tea.

LISTEN TO THE KITCHEN FRONT EVERY MORNING AT 8.15

THE MINISTRY OF FOOD, LONDON, W.1. FOOD FACTS No. 164

JOHN BULL

Thursday, for week ending Saturday, September 4, 1943, 93, Long Acre, W.C.2. Telephone: Temple Bar 2468.

"Come the three corners of the world in arms,
And we shall shock them; naught shall make us rue
If England to itself do rest but true."

BOGUS BONUS

● "Bonus" doesn't mean "good" any more. The war factory bonus system of pay—an hourly rate plus a commission on production—is bad. Some workers, fitter or more ingenious than the rest, have set up fantastic production standards which have been taken for granted by the managements. Bonuses have been regraded, making it impossible for any but a few to earn extra money.

The result is disastrous: workers are now having to pay income tax on bonuses that have become a mirage. They must get into debt, or work like maniacs and crack up. If they crack up more workers have to be brought in—fresh men and women who can temporarily hit up output again.

It's all a vicious circle. But there's an answer: a square deal for the average worker and income tax paid as you earn.

Straight from the Shoulder

BIG FIVE

No coincidence, but a logical sequence to events, is that this fifth September of war opens momentous possibilities on five fronts.

The Mediterranean zone. Russia. Intensive bombing. The Far East. And the front formed by the Oppressed Peoples who so impatiently await the call to arms.

In the first of these five, new developments are plainly imminent. Very soon we should be grappling once more with German troops.

Coming Landslide

By sterilising Italy, we shall bring all Goering's funk-hole arsenals under heavy attack; the industrial areas of Southern Germany, Austria and Czechoslovakia will become a second Ruhr.

By lancing the Balkans, we should be able to cut out Bulgaria, Rumania and Hungary; thus to set free Greece, Yugoslavia and Albania.

Gangsters Take Over

But Germany means to go down fighting, even though her civil administration breaks under the stress of air attack.

The new appointment of Himmler is not only a notice that henceforth the Reich will be ruled by the hangman's rope and the executioner's axe. It is a warning to us that we shall not break the Prussian neck by bombing alone.

Bigger Than Ever

Well, time will tell. In the next few weeks our bombing will rise to a crescendo of intensity aided by new methods and perhaps new devices.

And at the right time, undoubtedly, a more direct attack will be made in the west—one that will go straight to Berlin with the help of the Oppressed Peoples.

Warning

Any undue postponement of that Western Front would cause uneasiness here, resentment in Russia, and dismay throughout Occupied Europe.

The wave of revolt in France, Holland, Norway and Denmark must not ebb into a slough of despair.

Yet there is grave danger that our recent political policy will lead at least to disillusion.

False Notes

On several occasions the people of the Occupied Lands have been led to believe that the hour to strike was at hand. Now, following Quebec, the soft pedal has been applied; our enslaved friends are once again being counselled to patient waiting.

Patience wears thin when hopes are dashed.

Help for China

Consider next the Far Eastern front. JOHN BULL has long and consistently urged greater aid for China, and had criticised the curious delay in appointing a supreme commander for South-East Asia.

Quebec combined and settled both points.

Lord Louis

Lord Louis Mountbatten has good qualifications to be "the Eisenhower" under whom new forces will move against Japan.

Despite Dieppe, he did well as a pioneer of Combined Operations. Now that such operations are no longer confined to small forces, but include whole armies, sea and air fleets, his organisation has become redundant, and his services can be spared for a bigger task abroad.

We Can Do It

Even now we are probably not strong enough to beat Germany and Japan simultaneously. But we should reckon the reopening of the Burma Road as well within our power.

India is the key to that accomplishment. It has large and well-equipped armies ready for action. The Allied air forces there are being steadily reinforced. We can now spare powerful naval units to cut Japan's life-lines.

Curtin's Visit

Meanwhile, MacArthur's blows at Japan's southern outposts are being well timed and shrewdly delivered. First-hand knowledge of their progress should soon be available to London and Washington.

For a further invitation is to be sent to Mr. Curtin to come to Britain. The result of the Australian elections makes his acceptance possible.

In London he will sit in the War Cabinet, and both here and in America will confer with members of the joint Pacific Council.

Russia's Views

Such moves may not arouse great interest in the Kremlin.

Let us be frank. Russia, not being a sea power, finds it hard to appreciate how heavy has been the strain on our naval strength.

In fairness to ourselves, it must be said that we have made considerable sacrifices to send her supplies—and the German newspapers have more to say of the part played by British weapons on the Eastern Front than either the Russian or British Press.

Remember This

After withstanding the full Nazi onslaught alone, we have waged the greatest bombing campaign in history.

Moreover, we have saved Stalin from a two-front war by holding Japan in check.

Is it Enough?

Nevertheless, we must appreciate the Russian argument that so far we have taken on only half a dozen Nazi divisions in actual combat—while the Russians have held more than two hundred Axis divisions and suffered the devastation of vast areas.

Being a land power, the U.S.S.R. thinks in terms of armies. And she is not likely to be content if the Anglo-American armies are used, during the next few months, only to gain fresh airfields for our bomber fleets.

Separate Wars?

Now the perilous position of the German flank in the Ukraine offers a fresh invitation for us to strike with all our might.

There are no signs that we shall do so *immediately*. To the Russians, therefore, it must seem that the United Nations are waging separate wars.

Joint Strategy!

True, Britain and the U.S.A. have reached complete agreement on future operations. But no grand strategy can be complete without the agreement of Russia.

And the French, Dutch and others can—in the aggregate—provide valuable assistance!

In short, the United Nations should devise a joint strategy. The sooner this is done, the sooner will Victory be accomplished.

Planning the Peace

At the same time, it is hardly less necessary to confer with the U.S.S.R. on the problems of peace.

Transport, finance and economics, the rebuilding of war-ravaged States, are just a few of the obvious subjects on which world-wide co-operation must be sought.

Meanwhile, Russia is planning the reconstruction of her own devastated regions with a superb confidence and unruffled calm.

We Mark Time

Stalingrad, Kharkov, Orel and other cities will not merely be rebuilt, but remodelled. The "blitzed" cities of Britain, too, have ambitious plans.

But they daren't adopt them for fear of land speculators stepping in. They dare not proceed with them because the Government may have other views about reconstruction. No one knows. As Hannen Swaffer points out on another page, the Government cannot make up its mind.

Fresh Start

To be fair, welcome must be given to the Government's latest effort to remedy one of the worst war deficiencies.

Its training system for new recruits for the mines is a commendable addition to the measures already tried: the bonus system, a guaranteed week, health and canteen services, improved transport and greater mechanisation.

Still to be Done

Yet we may doubt whether these reforms are adequate, excellent though they may be.

It is appalling that only one in four of the pit production committees—those links between owners and mineworkers—are functioning satisfactorily. Surely Major Lloyd George has adequate powers to force the recalcitrant owners and workers to heel?

Nationalise?

Certainly, too, it is clear that the present uneasy system of *part*-control over the industry by the Government will never satisfy the miners.

Eventually, Parliament will have to make up its mind about nationalisation. A quick decision would probably make up that leeway in coal production!

Congress Speaks

And our leaders would be wise to study the discussions next week on Service pay, industrial conditions and other subjects on the T.U.C. agenda.

The decisions will represent the views of the great majority of British workers, who are well aware that they hold in trust the aims of those absent in the Forces.

They won't be content to "muddle through"!

(Continued overleaf)

"I HAVE LOST BOTH MY HUSBAND AND MY HOME"—

So writes Mrs. E. Graham, of Seaham Harbour, in acknowledging cheque paid to her by "John Bull" following the death of her husband in a recent raid.

"John Bull" offers free to every civilian reader, including Fire-Watchers, Home Guards, Police, N.F.S., Wardens, etc., A FREE AIR RAID POLICY (Underwritten at LLOYD'S).

Readers who have not already registered can obtain Registration Forms from "John Bull's" Insurance Department, 128, Long Acre, London, W.C.2.

STRAIGHT FROM THE SHOULDER

CONTINUED FROM PRECEDING PAGE

THOUGH it's only just over a couple of weeks since we said good-bye to Double British Summer Time, people are already feeling blue about the black-out.

Facing their fifth winter of war, they haven't quite the same determination to beat the little inconveniences—the stale air, the perpetual electric light and, above all, the daily scramble home in dismal gloom.

"It's the Travel"

A colleague who's just been round the industrial north—chiefly Lancashire—reports a new and general feeling of black-out dread. And nearly everyone he talked to thought: "We could put up with it—but it's the travel."

Workers in the provinces certainly seem hardest hit—the cuts in local 'bus services are staggering to a Londoner. Yet it's in London that the Ministry of Labour is making its first move to ease travel.

Doing the Trick

The Ministry is allowing the London Passenger Transport Board to have five hundred girls as 'bus conductresses. Quite rightly. Let them also help the provincial services by turning into "clippies" some of the 300,000 girls of eighteen who are still awaiting call-up.

Let's have more like her!

A few more 'buses—not quite so much like sardine tins—at the rush hour—would do wonders to keep up the workers' spirits. The girls do the job well. They've shown that. And the transport authorities have made it clear that shortage of conductresses, not drivers or petrol, is keeping many of their vehicles off the road.

Already Trained

The coal-mines need men so badly they're given call-up priority over the Army. Young men who would normally have gone into uniform are to go into the pits instead, *and are to have several months' training.*

Why can't the trained colliers who were snatched into the Forces early in the war be returned to their old jobs?

Cut Losses

If the Government has decided that, for the time being, coal is more important than khaki, then it should be logical and decide that it's better to waste a period of Army training than to waste the experience of underground workers.

And it should make up its mind to cut its losses quickly.

Skilled Man For—

The authorities have certainly shown lack of foresight in getting into this serious man-power position at the pits. But, in fairness, we should all remember how urgent it was to get an Army together when Hitler was having his good days.

It's the little blunders that are more aggravating in this great man-power question. Take the case of a Worcestershire man—not very fit—who was so skilful at his work on Typhoon aircraft that he rose to the top rate of pay in two months.

—Unskilled Work

Probably he was doing the very best war work of which he was capable. Nevertheless, he was called up and did three or four weeks' training. Then he was posted to an R.A.O.C. depot, recommended for a "sitting down" job, and excused all Army training and marching.

So now he's a clerk. And they've had to get someone else to help turn out the Typhoons.

Not So Sweet

That's a waste. The Minister of War Transport, Lord Leathers, is concerned with another sort of waste that's going on at the ports. A reader tells us that at the docks where he works there's always a certain amount of wheat or sugar left in the holds of the barges.

This can't be helped. But it can be helped that no one is allowed to collect the stuff.

All Overboard

Instead it is all swept overboard. Four of our correspondent's friends collected some sugar from the deck of a barge recently. They didn't want to take it away. It was for their tea at work. But a detective stopped them and they lost their jobs.

Regulations are funny things if they mean a man is fined for wasting a piece of bread and punished for saving a handful of sugar.

Bitter Complaint

Another letter from a port on the other side of England tells the same story. It says that railway wagons loaded with lard and fats are regularly allowed to stand dripping in the sun.

The writer complains bitterly at the criminal waste. He complains with reason because he lost his only son last month. And that son was one of the men who have to bring our food into the ports—he was chief engineer on a cargo ship lost through enemy action.

Wood Lice

One more report on waste. . . . At one works they have been selling inch-square sticks cut from good timber at a penny or two for a bundle of fifty. They've been sold as garden sticks. There's no shortage of ordinary garden sticks and the timber can't usually be bought without a permit.

Shilling a Time

At the same place it's been possible to buy "outside slabs" for firewood at a shilling a truckload. These "slabs" are the substantial lengths left when a log is trimmed square for planks. Even in peace time the stuff was snapped up for building sheds and garages.

Best Behaviour

We hope the Ministry of Supply will have at least one ardent M.P. supporter in the House of Commons whenever its forestry work is discussed.

Just before this M.P. was due to make a few minutes' visit to the saw bench at one of the Ministry's camps lately, all the big (and awkward) trees were put on one side and the small straight wood piled ready. All the men were ordered to find themselves other jobs while the girls did the sawing.

No doubt the impression was good.

Holiday Gesture

A firm in the North of England has just been trying to give a good impression—without cost. A woman reader who does part-time work in a clothing factory gets 14s. 10½d. for 21½ hours' work.

Not so long ago it was holiday week, and the firm proudly announced that for the first time employees were to be paid for holidays.

Our correspondent was delighted—till she received a pay packet containing 1s. 1d. She was told the money for stamps as well as war bonus had been deducted. But she still can't understand where the generosity comes in.

Their War Work

Anonymous letters find their way into JOHN BULL's wastepaper basket more often than not, but one we received this week seems to deserve mention.

A soldier's wife complains that her husband, moved into fresh billets at a racecourse, had to move out with all the other men because there was a race meeting.

The next day (she says) the men were confined to barracks and set to work clearing all the litter left by the racegoers. If that is true, it's obviously a matter for the War Office to investigate.

Kindly Help

Another correspondent sends us words of high praise for the military authorities. A fortnight ago his sister died in tragic circumstances. A brother was on the point of going overseas and he could not be traced easily.

Our correspondent asked the military authorities to help. They sent long telegrams, eventually managed to get the brother to a telephone, and finished their thoughtful, good work by arranging a few hours' special leave.

A south country smallholder, making a modest living from fruit growing, was very proud of his raspberries. Last year he decided he'd have a change and grow some different varieties. He selected two on the advice of the best-known gardener in the country.

They did extremely well and he was looking forward to some fine fruit next year. Then the local inspector attached to the War Agricultural Committee came along. He ordered all the raspberry canes to be destroyed. If they weren't the smallholder would not be granted a licence for fruit planting.

Reason? The inspector said he'd chosen raspberry canes that were notorious disease-carriers.

An outlay of five or six pounds, a good deal of labour, and valuable land have all been wasted because the experts don't agree.

Unpleasant—

We'd like to ask for consideration for other soldiers—the coloured American troops now stationed in various parts of the country.

In most places they are treated well, but we've just heard some unpleasant things from a town in the Midlands that ought to know better.

—Distinction

Only one public-house there will serve coloured troops, although the "regulars" in the others have made no objections. The result is that the coloured men have to walk the streets while their own countrymen go for a drink.

Bars are usually pretty democratic—not the places you'd expect to find the idiotic colour bar, anyway.

Fair Pay

We have always joined in the almost unanimous praise for the way Sir Kingsley Wood has set his face against inflation. No Chancellor of the Exchequer has done a better job at keeping down prices. But it's not unreasonable to remind the authorities now and again that fair wages for a fair day's work doesn't involve inflation.

No inflation for him

The seaman, the farm labourer and the miner are still grievously underpaid by comparison with other workers. Lately the Agricultural Wages Board has been considering applications for an increase in the national minimum wage. And the employers have agreed to five shillings more a week *provided there's a corresponding increase in the prices of farm produce.*

The Bogy

This is exactly how the inflation bogy is raised. Everyone realises the vicious circle of unjustified wage increases must be avoided.

But how, in a reasonable world, can we go on paying technical experts like farm workers and miners a few pounds a week, while we pay diamond cutters fifty, and crooners, maybe, a couple of hundred?

BEHIND THE NEWS

● A crisis reported inside German heavy industry organisation following the appointment of Himmler as German Minister of Interior. A split has occurred between groups representing plain Nazi views and others composed of independent elements.

● *Himmler's first expected to clamp down on industrialists who refuse to obey Speer's instructions about production methods.*

● **Hitler has given instructions that a special site in south-western France is to be prepared as his new General H.Q. He expects to move there whether Allied operations develop in the West or in the South-East of Europe.**

● Rommel, again in command of an army, this time in the Balkans, will resume his personal attendance on Hitler as chief of his special military bodyguard.

● *Frau Goebbels intends to follow Frau Goering to Switzerland. A famous Swiss sanatorium will soon be overcrowded by well-known Nazi and Italian fugitives.*

● **Jugoslav guerillas are now publishing their own newspaper, and issuing daily communiqués about progress of their battle against German troops of occupation.**

WITHOUT FEAR OR FAVOUR

By THE EDITOR

ENOUGH FOR ALL

SEEING that the Government is paying out £145,000,000 a year in food subsidies, the public which foots the bill has a right to expect value for money.

In the main, it is getting it. Lord Woolton has tackled his big job in a big way.

He has kept essential food prices down to a reasonable level, and claims with reason that we are "the best fed people in Europe."

But he has also admitted that "the retail and distributive trades represent one of the most expensive luxuries in our national life."

No man ever spoke a truer word. And, since this is no time for luxuries, we suggest that Lord Woolton should begin at once to curb this one, and to trim the claws of certain clutching hands.

Take fish—if you can get it. Catches have been exceptionally large just lately, but neither the fishermen nor the housewives have reaped a fair share of the sea harvest.

Why? Partly because coastal buyers, not content with the fair profit to be made at controlled prices, have refused to pay these prices, and have thus sabotaged distribution.

For a week there were a hundred herring drifters tied up in Moray Firth because the buyers would not pay the Government quota price of 2¾d. a pound to the fishermen.

Yet this price leaves the coastal buyer a reasonable margin, for he sells at just under 4½d. a pound, with free transport to the wholesale market, and the housewife pays 7d.

THE Peterhead, Aberdeenshire, fleet landed 40,000 stone of herring the other day, and could sell only a quarter of that total at quota price or less.

The fishermen might have dumped the rest of their catch back into the sea if Mr. Tom Johnston, Secretary for Scotland, had not dissuaded them.

But they were still left helplessly in the hands of the buyers, who continued to pay what they chose or not to buy at all.

Again, when the Scottish North Sea herring fleet ran into immense shoals of fish and landed 7,000 crans—which means seven million herring—at two East Coast ports, their first landings made the controlled price of 91s. a cran, but afterwards prices fell to as low as 40s.

It is only fair to state that, while the heavy catches continued, strenuous efforts were made to get the fish to market in good condition.

All kinds of road transport were pressed into service; the dockers did Sunday overtime to deal with the exceptional rush.

But there was a sad state of things in the fish markets. At Billingsgate, for instance, wholesalers were quite unable to sell out and, what is worse, equally unable to find refrigerator space for what was left over.

The result was that quantities of herring and white fish went bad. Hundreds of boxes were condemned in a single day, and fifteen tons of what had been good food—enough for 60,000 meals!—became worthless except as fish manure.

Here, then, is another flaw in the present system of distribution. The big markets cannot cope with gluts. There is not enough cold storage for the carry-over.

Wholesalers complain that retailers will not handle herring because they can make more profit on white fish; retailers declare that the public is tired of herring and won't buy it.

But JOHN BULL maintains that if these big catches were properly distributed there would be no shortage of consumers.

The truth is that Lord Woolton, who has done magnificent work as the national food controller, is now powerful enough to protect both consumer and producer against the greedy middleman and every other vested interest.

Many other articles of food afford similar evidence of something lacking in the national scheme to assure fair play for all concerned.

Apples, which are now in abundant supply, afford another instance of imperfect control. Until the beginning of August, growers were getting 6½d. a pound for fruit sold to the public by the retailers at 10d.

Now the fixed price for growers is £32 10s. a ton, which works out at 3½d. a pound. Whereas the retailer can charge 7d. a pound, which is exactly double.

What JOHN BULL wants to know is *why*, when price cuts are made, they always seem to be at the expense of the producer and never at the expense of the middlemen distributors.

In the early days of governmental control, the Food Ministry's carrot and onion schemes failed because producers were ignored, and the prices fixed were mainly to the advantage of the distributive trades.

Milk control, too, involved another concession to the distributors, which costs the country a wholesale margin of 2d. a gallon.

We scarcely need to remind our readers—many of whom are housewives, who have bitter personal experience of food supplies, prices *and* queues—that the controlled article has had a habit of disappearing from the market entirely.

This vanishing trick can only be explained in one way. The explanation is both simple and sinister. It is that the profit-snatching middleman refuses to sell unless he can make an extortionate profit.

Lord Woolton has effectively secured a sufficient supply of *rationed* food for the whole community.

We now ask him to use his wide powers to improve the distribution of all *unrationed*, but price-controlled, foodstuffs, and to see that profiteering shall cease in this wide field.

We urge that every food control should be administered by committees on which consumers and producers are equally represented.

Controls will have to be maintained—though, we hope, on a broader basis—for some years after the war. But they will never command popular support unless prices are *fixed*.

We do not object to the basic principle of "zoning," but it is already obvious that there is at present too much centralisation of markets.

It was absurd for retailers to have to deal with wholesalers at the other end of the country, but it is no less absurd to maintain an arbitrary zoning system irrespective of local demand and local storage facilities.

Decisions should be taken by qualified and practical men from day to day *and on the spot*. Only so will it be possible to spread the benefits of nature's bounty where they will do most good.

ABOVE all, the Ministry of Food needs to make certain that its controlled prices are enforced all the way along the distributive chain.

It must hold the scales fairly between the producer and the ultimate consumer. It must prevent the middlemen from skimming the cream off the national milk.

This is elementary common-sense for the purposes of our own country at the present time.

But we shall have to think, not nationally, but internationally, if we hope to solve the world's food problems after the war is won. No single nation can possibly solve them, or its own, by unilateral action.

Just recently, forty delegates representing some 50 million people of eleven countries in the Middle East have been conferring in Cairo upon the effective and just rationing of this great multitude of relatively helpless folk.

They have resolved to end the black markets, and to make certain that Allied supplies and shipping space are both used to give everybody a fair share of all the food available.

If it is possible to organise a sensible distribution scheme for these untutored millions, how much simpler should it be to bring the populations of more enlightened countries within the framework of some similar plan?

The plan—the master plan of world economy—has already been conceived, and its rough outlines were approved at Hot Springs.

But the principles there accepted by the United Nations have not yet been ratified.

JOHN BULL holds that this country should not only set its *own* house in order and make sure that its *own* larder fairly meets the needs of all its citizens, but that it should also take the lead in the practical endorsement of a world policy which will guarantee freedom from want among all the United Nations.

Will Hitler Give Up His Conquests?

REPORTS are current that Hitler plans to withdraw his troops from his European conquests.

He is preparing to abandon Norway, ready to leave the southern part of the Balkans to the Allies—and even move back in the West!

★ ★ ★

I have no doubt that Hitler, today, wishes he had never conquered all these territories. But now that he has held them for years, it would be a disastrous blow if he scurried back to Germany for a last-ditch stand.

Germany, reduced to the old Reich—a strategic conception of some astute peacemongers—cannot exist, cannot survive in this war for even one month.

Already the conquest of Sicily is a major disaster to Germany. It reduces the range of Allied bombers towards the heart of the Reich by many hundred miles. With southern Italy in Allied hands, the weight of bombs which can conveniently be dropped on Germany would be doubled.

But withdrawal in the Balkans would have even more far-reaching effects. It would bring the Allies right to the doorstep of Germany, to the frontiers of Austria, which is politically, if not strategically, as vulnerable as Sicily was.

It would open up to the Allies a hundred opportunities of political warfare as well as a variety of new targets for their air-war.

And though Italy and the Balkans would not be a very heavy *economic* loss—Yugoslavia's iron ore and bauxite, Italian fruit and olive oil would be the most painful deficiencies—the abandonment of Northern Europe would be a major blow to the Nazi economic structure.

★ ★ ★

Not only would Hitler have to withdraw the lonely divisions of General Dietl in Finland, and thus allow the Finns to make peace. If he recalled General Falkenhorst's Norwegian army of occupation it would be the end of Swedish iron ore, of Norwegian fish fats, fish for human and industrial consumption, paper supplies, and a wide variety of other indispensable commodities.

It is even worse in the West. French, Dutch and Belgian economy has been ruthlessly, but ingeniously, harnessed for the Reich.

French armament factories have been working overtime.

Once these districts become only a battlefield, Germany's capacity to continue the war would be seriously affected.

★ ★ ★

What of Russia? The Ukraine is the granary of Europe, and Nazi economists boasted that its possession would save Europe from starvation. Its loss, however it is brought about, means starvation for Germany.

Everywhere, therefore, Hitler must fight and German troops must die because the *Wehrmacht* cannot afford to give up voluntarily a single inch of his ill-gotten Empire.

And so, though he cannot voluntarily withdraw, he will be forced to withdraw as the Allied armies crack the hard nut of the occupied Continent.

OPEN LETTERS

Rt. Hon. OLIVER LYTTELTON, M.P., Minister of Production

DEAR SIR,—When people have problems to solve they usually take expert advice. Some foolishly ignore that advice and pay the penalty.

There is a moral here which even men in exalted positions like yours should heed. The moral is that no man is so great or so wise that he cannot benefit from the knowledge and experience of others.

Now production, as I see it, is primarily a matter of the three M's—material, machines, and men. None is more important than the other. Each is interdependent. But where material can be supplied ruthlessly and machines worked to death, men must be handled with tact and skill.

It follows, then, that in disposing of problems concerning industrial man-power, the mature experience of labour's own executive body, the Trades Union Congress, *should* be of great help to your Ministry.

Apparently it is not. The T.U.C. General Council reports its dissatisfaction at the working of your Ministry and the Regional Boards under your control. The National Production Advisory Council on which the T.U.C. and employers are represented has not been as useful as the T.U.C. had hoped "because, although it has received a large number of reports, *its advice on production difficulties* is seldom sought."

If your officials are so self-opinionated and bigoted that they cannot accept the advice of men whose lives have been devoted to workers and their problems, they should be told to do so.

Production troubles are more than the concern of your Department—they are the concern of the whole nation.

Men are human. They have their failings and their weaknesses. But the men who have toiled so hard since the war began are worthy of all the attention you can give to their welfare. And you and your officials should know that by now.—JOHN BULL.

Rt. Hon. BRENDAN BRACKEN, M.P., Minister of Information

DEAR SIR,—Once upon a time, according to classical mythology, Epimetheus, after marrying the beautiful Pandora, opened, against advice, the box given her from Jupiter. Out of the box flew all the evils that have since afflicted mankind. Only hope remained.

I thought of this classical snooper when I read that your "special investigating teams" are conducting one of those senseless "quizzes" which are a speciality of your Ministry.

If you were Farmer Bracken busy with the harvest, and worried by problems of labour, weather and transport, how would you like a smart young woman knocking at the farmhouse door and asking you to fill in a hundred-point questionnaire about yourself and your family?

Would you be pleased to rest from your vital labours in order to tell the Minister of Information what sort of education you are giving your children, what sort of newspapers you read, the school you went to, and where you go for advice on machinery?

If I know anything about Minister Bracken's vitriolic tongue, Farmer Bracken would wither and shrivel that snooping young woman with a torrent of well-chosen and revealing words. And Farmer Bracken's outburst would have my ungrudging admiration.

Seriously, don't you think this waste of time and money would be bad enough in peace time? In times like these, when all available energy is needed to win the war and to make our homes safe from intrusion, M.o.I. quizzes are nothing short of monstrous.

I hope—that's the only thing Snooper No. 1 left us—that your investigators will meet so many village Hampdens that they'll give up their job in despair. —JOHN BULL.

Mr. GEORGE GIBSON, Secretary, Mental Hospital and Institutional Workers' Union

DEAR MR. GIBSON,—I was pleased to see your reference to the "social snobbery" of matrons in some of our general hospitals—matrons who ignore the claims of girls trained in any hospital other than the big, well-known London and provincial hospitals.

It pains me to know that even in the world of healing there are women so influenced by social values that they pick and choose their staff in a prejudiced manner.

I had always regarded the nursing profession as one free of the taint of snobbery; and one in which skill and experience counted more than origin—either in birth or training. But then, I'm constantly being disillusioned.—JOHN BULL.

Mr. JOHN BROWN, General Secretary, Iron and Steel Trades Confederation

DEAR SIR,—Night and day, blast furnaces, puddling furnaces, open hearth and Bessemer units, high-grade steel electric furnaces, are aglow with the light of war production.

The workers in the iron and steel plants have done wonders. Under Government control the industry has gone from strength to strength. It has been noticeably free from disputes; and the smooth rhythm of its course has kept it free from publicity.

Because of this members of your confederation are demanding public ownership and control of the industry. I don't blame them.

Years ago the plight of the men who moulded pig beds and tapped furnaces and sweated in sheet and bar mills were treated as little better than cattle.

Reluctantly ironmasters had to make concessions. Reluctantly they had to cut down the working week from eighty-four to fifty-six hours.

To-day a new voice is heard in the heavy industries—the voice of the stoveman, the puddler, the roller. And it heralds the changes which all men of vision wish to see. Keep plugging away with your demands. The State will have to listen.—JOHN BULL.

Rt. Hon. Sir WALTER WOMERSLEY, M.P., Minister of Pensions

DEAR SIR WALTER,—Did you read the other day about twenty-eight-year-old Florence Hobbs, of Epsom? She is the mother of two children, aged ten and two. Her husband, passed into the R.A.F. in October, 1942, as A1, died of heart failure four months later.

Your Ministry classified the death as a natural one, and, in accordance with the Royal Warrant, refused Mrs. Hobbs a pension as a Service man's widow.

Public assistance authorities had to come to her aid. The spectre of poverty was over her and her kiddies. Mrs. Hobbs recently was accused of stealing a tablecloth from a house she had rented.

The Epsom Bench dismissed the charge, and waived costs. Here was the charity and understanding which people expect from your Ministry.

Time and again I have pleaded for compassionate treatment for such women as Mrs. Hobbs. Time and again I have been sickened by the official attitude.

Men are called upon to die for their country. When they do, the country does not expect their families to suffer as a result.—JOHN BULL.

ARGUE IT OUT

By PALLAS

Easy Money is Not Immoral

THE talk turned to money and gambling. We were discussing the peculiarities of a man who is wealthy enough to have no financial cares and no worries about the future.

★ ★ ★

His garden, blessed by bounteous nature, had yielded much more produce than he could use. And he was prepared to sell certain vegetables at a price more than double that fixed by the Ministry of Food.

He's a good fellow. But he's got the money bug badly. As someone, not without cynicism, remarked: "He's right in his way. He's in the money and he wants some more."

The lawyer, who airs his views at length on every topic under the sun, said scornfully: "Money, money, money. Nothing but money. And especially easy money.

"Now, you take gambling. Every man who makes a bet is doing something immoral. He's out to exploit his fellows. The fact that his fellow-gamblers are also out to exploit him is no excuse.

"Why do people want money for nothing? There's something rotten about it. In plain words, *it stinks.*"

A bold talker, that lawyer. For nearly every man in the little coterie listening to him liked a flutter. They gambled on the turf; they loved a game at solo or poker for fairly high stakes; and they never played a snooker foursome without side bets of a few shillings.

The storm broke. "I'm risking my money against the bookies," protested one man who follows racing with a pathetic and passionate zeal. "And, besides, I don't see what immorality there is in making risky money."

★ ★ ★

I confess that I have never regarded betting as immoral. In some respects it may be anti-social. The family man who loses more than he can afford and deprives his wife and children of things they need is guilty of a grievous sin.

But the man who bets within reason, not so much for the money, but for the thrill of winning it, is merely obeying one of the commonest of all impulses—the desire to get away from the humdrum monotony of life.

We have praised money. We have a traditional respect for money. We endure the insufferable conceit and arrogance of wealthy people because they have money.

★ ★ ★

We assess everything—at least nearly everything—in terms of money, whether it's easy money or hard-earned money. The world doesn't seem to care much how a man makes his money, so long as he does make it.

The man who retires from the Stock Exchange with a fortune is respected and admired. The man who nets huge profits out of astute deals in land and property is regarded with that reverence which is reserved for "financial genius."

But immoral! Good heavens, we're all immoral if the desire for easy money makes us so. And I feel that the law, despite the protests of my lawyer friend, makes as much easy money as any profession in the world.

★ Modern miracles prove that real life can outpace the movies. Ask the husky men who, racing against time, distance, cold and the enemy, have put a strange lost world on the War map:

GREAT ACHIEVEMENTS OF TO-DAY—I

★

By HAROLD A. ALBERT

They Have Won War's Fastest Race

Weather not fit for an Arctic dog! But the big 'plane touches down with perfect precision on the Charing Cross of the world's future skyways

WAY north of 49th Parallel, the ice-breaker *McLean* nosed through the seal floes into Hamilton Inlet and then wedged itself on a sand bar.

Twenty lumberjacks, eager to get on with the biggest job in their lives—and one of the biggest jobs of the war—dropped overboard into icy water.

Burdened down with their axes, they waded up to their necks across the last quarter-mile to the shore, slipping and slithering over a glass-smooth, treacherous submerged beach of frozen bog.

So began—in a savage and unbroken Labrador wilderness—the building of the world's largest air-base.

It's just another proof that truth is stranger than fiction, that real life can outpace the movies.

While moviegoers were flocking to *49th Parallel*, a quiet-eyed geologist was actually scouring the frozen north in a seaplane with two Hudson Bay guides, staring down on leagues of uncharted territory, seeking the ideal site.

At a spot marked on the map only by the trapper's post of Goose Bay he found what he wanted—a strange lost world where a mighty sand plateau 70 ft. high had been left by the retreating sea.

RACE AGAINST TIME

Goose Bay! Only a few weeks since the air authorities lifted the lid on its very existence, it is already famous as a ferry station—a Charing Cross of the world's future skyways—that in little more than a year has overhauled and refuelled more aircraft than any other airport of the North Atlantic seaboard.

And it's still scarcely eighteen months since Sidney J. Bird walked out of an Ottawa government office with the £3,000,000 construction contract burning a hole in his pocket.

From the first it was a race against time—and distance—and cold—and the enemy.

Imagine for yourself the task of constructing—with all its machine shops, fuel storage vaults and hangars—an airbase capable of taking the largest 'plane ever blueprinted.

Then remember—you're starting at scratch, in a primeval solitude, without rail or road or track or workers.

Every tool, every keg of food had to be water-hauled or flown. The water route itself is open only four months in the year. And Sidney Bird says that when the first ship stuck on the sand bar, he felt his hair turning white.

Yet have you noticed how great destiny so often begins with disaster, and how an emergency produces the men able to face it?

The first lumberjacks ashore were followed by hundreds as other ships edged into the Inlet.

Some slipped and fell. Some broke their bones. But nothing could stop the great saga.

By sundown they had lightered in their first ton of equipment. Yet 75,000 tons of material were following up.

WATER-LOGGED

Next day, as many as five tractors at a time were stuck in the muskeg bog.

Two days later, a spindly log jetty paved with sections of light railway—was reaching 1,500 ft. from the solid land to water deep enough for a ship to stand against.

Two weeks from the original landing, three bulldozers were driving abreast through the spruce tangles, laying them flat as a mower going through wheat.

And then came the flies, swarms of giant black monsters, rising to defend their haunts against man, their stings raising livid welts the size of a florin. . . .

Then came the first winter blizzards—winds stabbing like steel, blowing from straight off the polar ice-caps.

Work went on. Within a month from the first landing 3,000 men had raised a town on the uninhabited wilderness, hacked a good road a mile from the shore to the main site and were launched on three miles of road to a gravel bed—for Sidney Bird meant to draw the sand for the concrete direct from the site.

Out at sea a U-boat began to ambush the food ships. Over the short-waves Haw-Haw began to gibe at the "sufferings" of the workmen.

But the boys didn't care. Through that first winter hundreds of them slept in tents with the snowdrifts piling to 20 ft. high and the temperature slumping to 50 below zero.

MADE HIM BLINK

Getting the first runways prepared was more vital than living quarters. On December 3 the first pilot rubbed his eyes at the sight of two giant runways, each leg 6,000 ft. long, cleared and rolled—a giant victory V in the snow.

It wouldn't last. It would go to pieces in the thaw. But it was used by hundreds of 'planes while the boys prepared for the first permanent giant runway.

They flew in cattle—and Christmas pudding. Up and down the coast, too, Lodestar freight 'planes scoured for Labrador labour, Eskimos, Indians and anyone willing to help.

QUICK WORK!

From planks cut from the trees they had cleared, the boys built their first bunkhouses. They erected dining-halls like big city restaurants, machine shops, warehouses, power plants, even a cinema.

They used up all the lumber in the creek beds: a tree growing one day would be part of a building the next.

"What's that place?" asked an incoming ferry flyer, pointing to a new building.

"Dunno!" was the answer. "It wasn't there yesterday!"

The boys laid 623,000 square yards of concrete in the first solid runways. They laid 13,000 square yards in a 12-hour shift. Soon, too, they had a water supply system with 20 miles of pipe.

They built great concrete petrol storage tanks—they themselves used 1,500,000 gallons in the operation of the newest and most efficient machines on the job. And the sawmills, whining continuously, had produced 6,000,000 board feet of timber.

And everything started, as Sidney Bird says, with a man with a camp axe. The day and night shifts, the prodigious gravel crushing and washing plant with its capacity of 4,000 tons a shift, the building of the mile-long runways sufficient for Liberators and Flying Fortresses and Stratoingers and Douglas D.C.4's.

NORTH-WEST PASSAGE

Only the medical staff had time on their hands. And even they occupied it with a mercy flight to David Inlet, where there were reports of starving Indians. They found a whole tribe groaning with pneumonia—and cured them with sulphanilamide.

And Goose Bay is still spreading. In a crowded twenty-four hours it has serviced more than a hundred 'planes, fed the crews and dispatched them to Britain.

It is the keystone of the new air North-West Passage, a vision dreamt of by men for four centuries. One day it will carry the express traffic of Europe to the Orient, India and Australia via the Atlantic and the Yukon.

GERMANY STILL GETS BRITISH MATERIALS

TUNGSTEN is one of the really vital metals in the production of weapons of war.

Yet some of the tungsten owned by Britain is going into the manufacture of weapons in Germany.

* * *

It isn't, in this case, a question of trading with the enemy. It is one of those unfortunate contretemps that can't be got around in any other way.

That trading with the enemy *does* go on is known.

There is, for instance, the recent accusation of a Federal Grand Jury in the United States that combines in America, Britain, Germany, Italy and Japan have conspired to create a world-wide cartel in titanium compounds used in the production of strategic war materials.

And to cite only one other of many known cases, Japan sends big supplies of rubber and other vital war materials to Russia in regular consignments, to be utilised in the smiting of the other end of the Axis!

But in the case of tungsten it was Britain herself who virtually made a present of it to Germany.

Not that we get anything out of it.

We don't—unless you count an historic friendship as worth anything.

The tungsten in question is in Portugal, and with it are big wolfram mines. Wolfram, you remember, is the chief ore in the metal tungsten.

The biggest wolfram mines in Portugal are owned by Britain.

But Germany wanted this wolfram and tungsten very badly, so Hitler threatened to occupy Northern Portugal if the Portuguese Government attempted to protect the rights of the British owners of the mines.

And the threat was backed up by the Nazi Ambassador in Lisbon, who pointed out that if Germany occupied Northern Portugal they would take all the wolfram and Britain would get none of it.

* * *

Portugal is a tiny country, but she is courageous.

And she is Britain's oldest ally—an alliance which has continued unbroken for just on 800 years.

That alliance, stated Portugal's respected and statesmanlike Prime Minister, Dr. Antonio d'Oliveira Salazar, would not be allowed to be used as a club to bludgeon Portugal's friends.

"Wolfram or no wolfram," Dr. Salazar told Hitler, "Portugal will not be blackmailed into putting pressure on the British or anyone else."

This example of courageous integrity in the face of overwhelming odds stands high even in a war in which deeds of nobility are commonplace.

* * *

Britain's reply was on a par with Portugal's gesture.

We knew very well that if Hitler carried out his threat it would mean untold suffering to the sturdily independent Portuguese.

So Britain announced that she would take only a percentage of her own wolfram. The rest should go into a central pool and be offered in the open market.

That is why Germany is getting British tungsten.

And it is one more reason why Britain commands the respect and steadfast friendship of Portugal.

PATRICK SPENCER.

★ In his most caustic but earnest mood, Swaffer warns that immediate peace would bring chaos. Though most of us are ready for a great move forwards to a saner and richer civilisation, the world's governments are dangerously unprepared to lead

Improved conditions in the mills was just one of the pre-war tasks of the I.L.O. But now the I.L.O. is hamstrung!

Brave New World?

Asks Hannen Swaffer

SUPPOSE that, seeming by a miracle, the war suddenly collapsed next month. What would happen?

Millions of soldiers, sailors and airmen would expect immediate release from the Services, and think only of getting home to their families and friends.

Millions of war-workers would be dismissed. For there would be, for years, no more need of arms.

Hundreds of thousands of auxiliary firemen, civil defence workers and first-aid workers would be out of a job. For it would take months to change war-plants for peace-time use.

And from the evacuation areas countless hordes of women and children would be returning to the bombed towns and cities—many to find their former homes blotted out or uninhabitable.

"Is this the New World?" they would ask, seeing the chaos.

They would find that, despite the admirable planning for a war in which they all had a part in the victory, Peace was a calamity.

Churchill has been unique, in all our island history, as a spearhead of attack and as an eloquent inspirer of our will to resistance.

But, so far, his Government has deafened its ears to the need for an instant and urgent tackling of post-war problems.

Not even yet has Whitehall begun the examination of the central problem.

It knows the scale of the housing issue, and something about the volume of demobilisation.

Undecided

But it has not made up its mind. Nor has the War Cabinet given any of the decisions that make it possible to say in specific detail that any single aspect of reconstruction has been begun.

There is delay. There is postponement. And there is evasion.

We are headed for a catastrophe unless between now and the opening of Parliament the Government gives its specific directives to the Civil Servants in the Ministry of Health, the Ministry of Works and Planning, the Home Office, and the departments responsible for Defence.

The danger is that millions of people, many of whom have learned the art of productive work for the first time—and found it interesting—will discover that there is nothing for them to do.

You cannot get down to housing until you have decided about the Uthwatt Report, which found a way to prevent land profiteering.

What are you going to do about prefabricated houses as a temporary measure while permanent houses are being built? No decision has been made about them.

Their Future

You cannot decide about the future of the young men and women who come back until you discuss with the universities and training colleges the making of arrangements for their education. No decisions have been taken.

Nor have they yet decided the fundamental principle of the basis on which demobilisation is to take place. Is it to be length of service or key men, or a mixture of both? They have not decided that.

In other words, if the war ends suddenly, it will find the Government trying to improvise solutions for problems that cannot be suddenly solved.

It was Churchill who, almost in a wilderness, pleaded for vast rearmament because of the Nazi menace. It is to that same Churchill that the nation turns for schemes that will prevent nation-wide disorganisation when that menace is removed.

There are in the office of Sir William Jowitt, the Minister nominally responsible for reconstruction, a lot of plans—in pigeon-holes. But no one knows what they are. And, as things are going, no one will know until the war is over, when it will be too late.

Indeed, it is typical of the Government's attitude that R. S. Hudson, the Minister of Agriculture, recently told the Commons he was not allowed to disclose his post-war plans for farming.

But it is not only on the home front, but in the wider field of international affairs that there is indecision.

The mind of the world is moving forward to an understanding that international co-operation is essential for the pooling of resources and the allocation, by agreement, of trade markets.

Big Business

At present, though, the only plans are those made by rival British and American vested interests for what will prove, if they are embarked upon, cut-throat competition.

Both Whitehall and Washington have schemes intended as a solution. But the extraordinary thing has happened that they seem afraid of showing them to each other!

Vital in the work of reconstruction is the International Labour Office, one of the few remaining survivals of the League of Nations, a body on which, for years, masters and employees have sat together trying to work out the problems affecting labour and employment.

Two years ago it met in New York to try to master the details of a plan for rebuilding the world of the future.

Yet, while Ernest Bevin, the Minister of Labour, praised the conference as an act of faith, and declared that it expressed the spirit that "the only real richness in life is sharing with our fellows in the joys that life could give," the truth is that the staff of the I.L.O. has been cut down to one-eighth of its former size. It is unable to do its job.

Now, in this country there now is more good will—in the churches, in the factories where the workers toil, in the offices where modern-minded business men meet—than there ever was in our history.

They're Ready

Most people are prepared for a great step forward, for the sharing of the world's bounty rather than for exploiting it, and for the building of a new kind of civilisation. But, in the words of Ernest Bevin, "with the cease-fire there may be a tremendous reaction."

J. B. Priestley has warned us on the air that "when the lights go up in London," to use the words of a song, people will be content to get "lit up," whereas grim times will in reality lie ahead.

The Archbishops of Canterbury and York call upon the nation to champion social reform, and the heads of the Free Churches are urgent concerning the need.

In the universities there are eager would-be planners, and in all ranks of the community there is a new idealism.

If, to-day, it can be implemented into a detailed plan, then indeed will a new world be born. If the opportunity is missed, calamity awaits us.

Churchill's Words

"We have arrived at a new time," said Winston Churchill. "Let us realise it. The foundations of our power are changing.

"To stand still would be to fall. To fall would be to perish. We must go forward.

"We will go forward into a way of life more earnestly viewed, more scientifically organised, more consciously national than we have ever known. Then alone shall we be able to sustain and renew through the generations which are to come the fame and power of the British race."

But he said that in 1909.

END

★ At the beginning of this fifth year of war, let us risk everything to end the slaughter—and to settle a strategy of peace without which Victory will be in vain!

By A. G. GARDINER

THIS is a moment of great memories. Four years have passed since that sombre Sunday morning when, as eleven o'clock finished striking, we heard the voice of Mr. Chamberlain announcing from 10, Downing Street that we were once more at war with Germany.

No need to recall the emotions of that day. They are scorched into our minds in unforgettable characters. The hour of our fate had struck. We were launched upon an adventure the issue of which none could foresee.

But on that issue hung the destiny of mankind. Should we live or perish? Live in freedom or perish in slavery?

How do the hopes and fears of that Sunday morning four years ago look in the light of to-day? The answer can best be stated by a swift glance at the position on the anniversaries of that September 3.

* * *

September 3, 1940, was our darkest hour. It was also our "finest," as Mr. Churchill so magnificently reminded us.

The odds were then so overwhelmingly against us that they could hardly be named. All the world, including America, had given us up as lost.

Hitler's blitz had swept Western Europe from Norway to Spain. Our only ally, France, had gone down like a house of cards. The Mediterranean seemed lost. The Suez doomed. North Africa gone.

We stood alone—alone against the whole might of an embattled Europe. Mussolini, confident that all was over, joined in to share the spoils.

Stalin had made a deal with Hitler and was mopping up territory from the White Sea to the Black. America stood aloof, friendly but "isolationist," and conceived that, even if disposed to help, it was too late.

And at that moment the Battle of Britain was at its height. If it had gone against us all would have been over—for us, for Russia, for America, for everybody. Hitler's blitz would have triumphed and he would have dictated (as he intended) his peace of death from the steps of our Mansion House.

BUT THE BATTLE OF BRITAIN DID NOT GO AGAINST US. IT WAS WON. THE VICTORY WAS GREATER THAN WE KNEW. IT STOPPED THE ROT. IT CHANGED THE WAR. IT SAVED US AT THE TIME, AND IN THE END IT WILL HAVE SAVED THE WORLD.

But we didn't see all this then. It was enough that we had escaped instant destruction. *We were on the ropes, but the knockout had been averted.*

* * *

And we were still on the ropes on September 3, 1941. But in the interval something tremendous had happened to give us hope. Hitler had made the first of his gigant

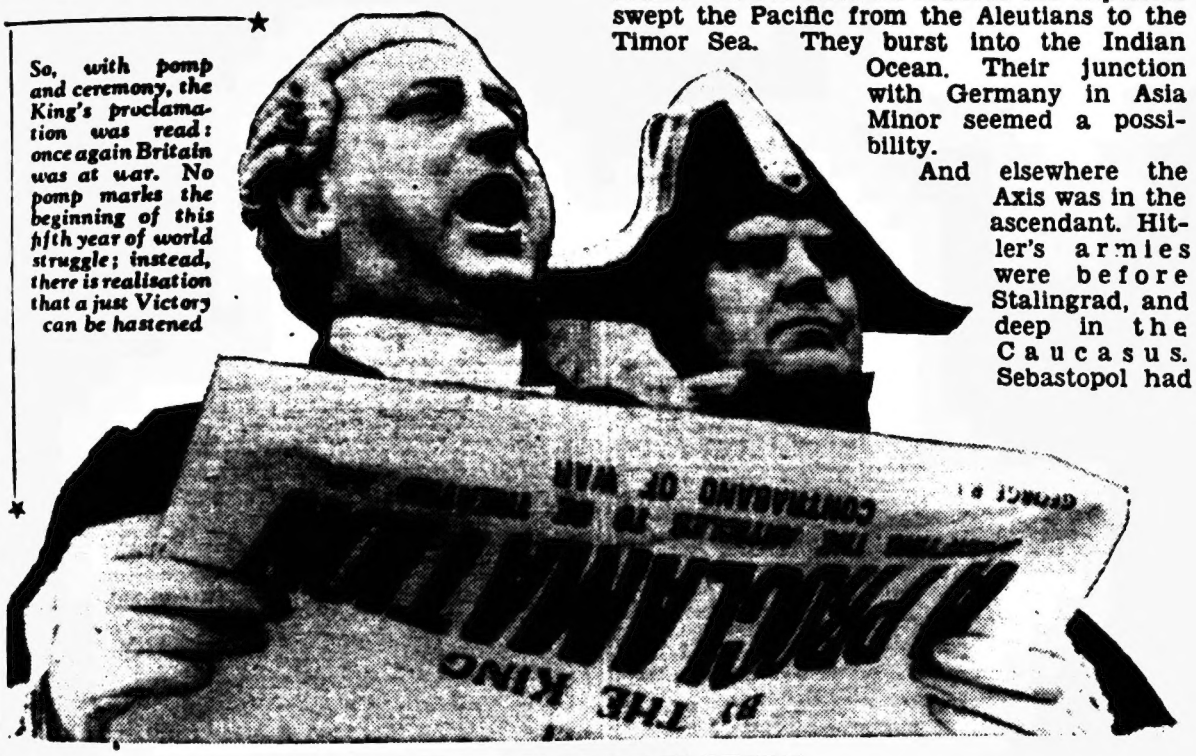
T QUICKLY!

blunders. He had given us an ally, a mighty ally. How mighty neither he nor we yet fully realised.

And we ourselves had had dazzling successes. We had swept Mussolini out of Abyssinia. We had captured his army in Libya. We had smitten the Italian Navy hip-and-thigh and were holding on by the skin of our teeth to the Mediterranean and the Suez. And we had driven the Axis out of Syria and Persia.

But the odds were still heavily against us. Superb as the defence of Russia had been, the German war machine rolled on irresistibly.

The Ukraine had gone. Kiev had gone. Moscow seemed doomed. So also seemed Leningrad.



So, with pomp and ceremony, the King's proclamation was read: once again Britain was at war. No pomp marks the beginning of this fifth year of world struggle; instead, there is realisation that a just Victory can be hastened

And in the Balkans Hitler and his jackal were supreme to the Dardanelles. Crete was in Hitler's hands and Rommel had redeemed the Axis position in Africa. And at the time the U-boat menace to our Atlantic life-line grew more alarming.

We were holding on, but that was all.

* * *

The third anniversary marked a profound change. We were off the ropes. We were in the centre of the ring for the first time, and the odds were shifting.

Hitler had made the second of his great blunders. He had given us another mighty ally. In order to bring Japan in on his side he risked bringing the United States in on ours.

It is true that at first the gamble seemed sound. In the first six months the Japanese swept the Pacific from the Aleutians to the Timor Sea. They burst into the Indian Ocean. Their junction with Germany in Asia Minor seemed a possibility.

And elsewhere the Axis was in the ascendant. Hitler's armies were before Stalingrad, and deep in the Caucasus. Sebastopol had fallen. We had had a terrible reverse at Tobruk, and Rommel was at the gates of the Suez. Finally, the devastations of the U-boat were approaching danger point.

But in spite of all this the outlook on September 3, 1942, was appreciably improved. We were not winning, but we were getting on even terms. Russia was fighting magnificently. Anglo-American production was growing astronomically. The blockade was beginning to tell. We were winning the war in the air, and the R.A.F. was shattering the power-house of the enemy.

The full significance of the Battle of Britain was becoming apparent.

* * *

Now comes the fourth anniversary. The scene miraculously changed. Victory in sight. Germany outfought, out-generalled, out-manœuvred, "on the run" in Russia.

Rommel driven out of Africa. The Axis driven out of Sicily. The great Suez-Caucasus pincer movement dead.

The Mediterranean won. Italy practically out of the war. Mussolini under arrest. Hitler gone to earth.

Germany on the defence—her cities ablaze, her people scattering in panic, as three years ago the hordes of Hitler scattered the French, the Belgians, the Dutch.

The U-boat peril countered. France armed and ready for the field again. The satellite countries rushing like rats from the doomed ship. The oppressed countries seething with revolt from Norway to Greece.

Germany enveloped by enemies thirsting for revenge. Sabotage destroying her factories. The blockade tightening. The shortages—man-power, oil, transport—increasing.

And all the time the enemy closing in on her with gathering power, from the east, the south, the west.

* * *

This is the picture on the fourth anniversary of that sombre Sunday morning of September 3, 1939.

It is a picture that offers us as much ground for confidence as it offers the enemy ground for despair. For confidence, but not complacency—still less for slackening our war effort.

Humanly speaking, victory is certain. Nothing can deprive us of it but self-inflicted handicaps that we need neither anticipate nor discuss.

But victory ultimately is not enough. We want victory now, with the utmost speed. We want it in time to save the remnants of European civilisation. We want it to stop the horrors of the shambles that Nazi Germany has made of Europe. We want it so that we can turn all our energies from destruction to the task of salvaging the wreck.

THIS IS THE MOMENT WHEN EVERYTHING SHOULD BE RISKED TO BRING THIS AGONY TO AN END. AND IT CAN BE BROUGHT TO AN END IF THE PARTNERS IN THIS GREAT CRUSADE OF DELIVERANCE, BRITAIN, RUSSIA AND AMERICA, WILL SWEEP AWAY ALL SUSPICIOUS AND SEPARATE INTERESTS AND STRIKE WITH ALL THEIR MIGHT AT THE UNIVERSAL ENEMY OF MAN.

AND IN SACRIFICING EVERYTHING TO THE STRATEGY OF 'VINNING THE WAR AND WINNING IT NOW, LET US NOT FORGET TO SETTLE NOW WITH EQUAL UNANIMITY THAT STRATEGY OF PEACE WITHOUT WHICH THE WAR WILL HAVE BEEN WON IN VAIN.

Youth Wants More Than Uniforms

SOMETHING like 650,000 young British lads are being trained for armed service in Navy, Army or Air Force in one or other of the new cadet movements.

By the end of this year the total may well reach a million.

In so far as we are giving pre-enlistment training to boys who are bound to be called up before this war ends, the scheme is a real war-winning one.

* * *

Indeed, the cadet movements have already provided a galaxy of excellent officer material.

But if we are training boys for armed service beyond present or future national demands—as example, to satisfy their natural war-time demand for a uniform of sorts—I can understand criticism arising.

I expect that criticism in particular from their fathers serving on far distant battlefronts—men without anything militaristic in their make-up, who have gone to war against Hitler as citizen soldiers.

Let us consider some figures.

The Army's own Cadet Force numbers some quarter of a million.

Youngest age is 14.

Will boys of 14 be wanted in this war? I leave you to judge.

Will the Army ever be able to absorb a quarter of a million?

Its needs, I gather, will be about one-twelfth of that.

Then there's the air branch—the A.T.C.

Youngest age for that is 15½. But air-minded boys with no love of Army life are joining the Army cadets at 14 and trying to rush the Air Force branch at 15½.

Anyhow, the Royal Air Force will probably want one in ten of them.

Newest is the Sea Cadet Corps.

The Admiralty has announced that it wants to take it over as a peace-time organisation.

It says the Royal Navy can absorb 3,000 trainees a year from it after the war.

* * *

But—3,000 a year! Already, in an existence that must be measured in months the organisation numbers nearly 50,000.

Nobody can accuse Lieutenant-Colonel E. M. King, Headmaster of Clayesmore School, Dorset, of being anti-cadet movement.

There were joint exercises by Navy, Army and Air Force cadets in Dorset recently on a big scale.

Newspaper military correspondents who went down there bestowed such astonishing praise on Lieutenant-Colonel King for his work of training these boys that it is obvious he admires and understands them.

* * *

Yet, since then he has criticised a system under which some public schools maintain three separate cadet movements, resulting in some boys having three different sets of uniforms!

At least he is in complete contrast with a military gentleman who has written to the leading national dailies saying that these lads will at least make good youth leaders.

Will they? I don't think their soldier-fathers will agree.

For we are not teaching a million youths of Britain about reconstruction. I doubt whether we are teaching one!

MAURICE FAGENCE.

BLACK MARKET HAS A BOOM

THERE is overtime in the Black Market—at least, so far as clothing sales are concerned.

It has resulted—as the racketeers so joyfully anticipated—from the greater stringency in the issue of clothing coupons.

With fewer coupons available, and so many articles costing more of them, hundreds of thousands of people who have previously hesitated about taking the risk are now buying from the ask-no-questions racketeers.

And prices have soared accordingly.

Even if they don't ladder, they'll make a hole in her clothing book. But if she were unscrupulous she could buy a whole new book for £3

INCREASED DEMANDS

The most noticeable result of this phenomenally increased demand for clothes and footwear is seen in big factories all over the country.

It is there that the risks of selling goods "off the ration" has always been greatest.

Yet unrationed clothes are being offered at the work-benches with greater audacity and openness than ever before, in vaster quantities, and for even more grotesquely high prices.

Coupons, too—for as much as £3 or £4 a book, representing in some cases up to twenty times as much as the sums paid to old age pensioners and others who have been tempted by poverty to sell.

There is another explanation of the flood of clothing coupons now so readily available to those "in the know."

Over-optimism as to the war ending soon has led many people to decide that they can last on their present wardrobes till the end of the war.

So they are selling their clothing ration books—at absurdly varying prices.

There are, indeed, known to be big coupon pools for the redistribution of coupons at big profits, some of them handling hundreds of thousands of coupons a year.

The Board of Trade is having increasing success in hunting down the distributors of both coupons and Black Market clothing—yet it is obvious why the racketeering is increasing so much in spite of this.

When one distributor falls, it is so easy to find another, and the racket goes on with undiminished strength.

But so far as the "indispensables" of the Black Market are concerned, the big figures in the background, either releasing goods illegally from stock or even manufacturing them behind the backs of the authorities, they for the most part defy detection.

FED TO HOME MARKET

It is known, by examination of goods illegally offered, that some are goods the manufacture of which has been permitted for shipment abroad, but which have been fed stealthily on to the home market.

It should not be impossible to track down the manufacturers.

Harder the task of finding the men who are working underground factories, for which there is no legal sanction whatsoever.

These factories turn out lisle and other stockings, and a wide variety of knitted wear on machines that had become out of date before the war, and were either stacked away or sold for a mere song.

Then shoes—which seem to consist of little more than cardboard—are being turned out from the same type of underground factory—also on out-of-date machinery.

Then there are the big warehouses that get wide ranges of fabrics from all kinds of sources—many of them are the goods I described as made for shipment—and release them without coupons.

Some of these fabrics were made for sale as "utility," yet are being sold without coupons at more than twice their "utility" prices.

Black Market shops buy coupons from poor people, hand them in, and get tasteful "utility" frocks which can then be sold without coupons.

But the "utility" price isn't enough for the grabbers. So they tear off the official tags, change a button here, a piece of trimming there—and presto! the article is an exclusive model, commanding a whale of a price.

We say of all these tricks—it is obviously harder to trace the big men behind the scenes of them all than the little people who have to do the selling.

But for the Board of Trade, surely it shouldn't be impossible.

PUBLIC BENEFACTOR

Mr. F. E. Noland, Hepler Mount, Leeds, 8, has been awarded this week's £1 1s.

Letters are appreciated about any suspected ramp or swindle. Address: Public Benefactor, JOHN BULL, 93, Long Acre, London, W.C.2.

BY OUR SPECIAL COMMISSIONER

Lowest Depth of Infamy

MILITARY policemen who haunt railway stations and ask for the production of leave passes are hoping for bigger fry than the ordinary absentee.

They all have the ambition of finding one of the many Service impostors who live by "cleaning out" the hospitable people who entertain men in uniform—tricksters who strike a double blow both at human kindness and whatever Service they pretend to represent.

Pretend is certainly the word so far as many of them are concerned, for they have no right whatsoever to the uniform they wear and, in some cases, have never crossed the boundaries of a parade ground.

The man military policemen are most anxious to meet at the moment is one who calls himself "Private Robert Porter," though whether that is his real name is not known. He has used a variety of names. His usual get-up is a tailored Canadian uniform with "Canada" on each shoulder and a Glengarry cap which sports two black ribbons.

No need for Canadians to feel particularly angry about this good-looking, 6 ft. 4 in., light-haired impostor—for he can drop his Canadian accent when he discards his name of Porter, as he often does, to use one of his many other *aliases*.

Sometimes he's in uniform, sometimes not. But his methods never vary

This Private Porter has an eight-months' record of robbing generous, decent folk who love to help soldiers.

He was busy recently at the Royal Hotel, Llandudno, for which reason the Stoke-on-Trent police are anxious to make his acquaintance.

For he met there a Stoke family with whom he had no difficulty in ingratiating himself—so much so, that when he called on them at Stoke at a time when their sailor son was home from the sea he was given a right royal time of it.

After two days of unsparing hospitality, the sailor's mother went upstairs to draw on her housekeeping.

It had all gone. So had some £50 in savings, all in notes. Four sovereigns and a mounted £2 piece of great sentimental value, and articles of jewellery as well.

And Private Porter had gone, too.

He had disappeared just as dramatically from the hearths of five other families he met while in Llandudno.

And the field of operations of his many disappearances—always with as many valuables as he can get hold of—includes many other towns throughout the country.

STIRRING STORIES

Rather more imaginative is a man who sometimes calls himself "Corporal Wilson." He also passes as "Corporal Graves" and "Gunner G. Franklin," and other false names, whom both Scotland Yard and a variety of local police forces are anxious to meet.

He gains confidence with stirring stories of his life as a prisoner of war in Italy, and, usually preferring civilian clothes to uniform, is rather less likely to be caught by military police.

His most successful line is the cruel, heartless one of giving false information to the relatives of men who have figured in the casualty lists, and then extracting from them all he can.

He called recently on a sailor's widow in the north country, with the story that her husband, reported dead, is really alive. His breast bright with ribbons, he told her how he had left the husband safe and well in an Italian camp.

Although it seemed he touched the depths of degradation in exacting money from her with this story, he had no hesitation in returning to her time and again for more.

HE'S THE WORST OF ALL

This lowest thing that breathes has practised the same shameless trickery in Leeds, Nottingham, Hull, Wednesbury, Stafford and other places.

Another man of many names is going round pretending to be a survivor from a British cruiser lost some time ago. He, too, raised false hopes to get money.

To one mourning woman he painted a picture of her husband safe and happy in a naval hospital, but unable to write because his left shoulder was in a sling and his right shoulder dislocated.

And, going to the hospital, she found she was only one of many women who had gone there on the same vain, heartbreaking quests.

The law caught up recently with one impostor who lived by victimising widows—"Flight-Lieutenant Patrick H. Baker" he called himself.

Jailed for twelve months, he will probably still taste far less misery than he has inflicted on others.

But many heartless scoundrels are living on their wits in this way.

May they not dissuade a single generous soul from giving men in uniform that hospitality that means so much to them.

And yet one hopes that the open-hearted British public will be cautious enough to make life extremely risky for these impostors.

No good fellow in uniform would resent a well-meant enquiry to establish his bona fides—for he, after all, is himself an indirect victim of these masqueraders in uniforms.

HUMAN MACHINE

THE FIRST ESSENTIAL

● The very first essential of clear thinking is that we should be able to recognise rumour and distinguish it from reliable reporting.

It really is a necessary ability, for you wouldn't believe, unless you had some direct evidence, the enormous influence of rumour on our daily lives, nor would you credit the number of people who prefer to believe rumour rather than do a bit of genuine thinking on their own account.

"Rumour," said one investigator, "is perhaps the most potent force at work in modern society. Rumour rules the world. It is difficult to discover among one's acquaintances a single person whose 'mind' on public affairs is not composed mainly of what he or she has "heard."

He "believes" it — on what grounds? He has never considered. He "heard" it. From whom? From Jones. Jones, in turn, "heard" it—from whom? Nobody knows. Nobody cares. It "must" be true, or at least there must be some truth in it—because it is "common knowledge"!

But "common knowledge" is so often nothing more than common rumour. And common rumour is nothing better than common gossip.

You will never think clearly and cogently until you first learn to test every statement you hear.

To be sceptical of rumour is the first essential if you wish to train your mind.

TE

AT the age of fort
power in the lan
mills, farms, and
these had respon

touch.

He wore a carnation in
calculating expression on
linger bought shares, brok
them for a rise. Pullinger
write a cheque for a king's
ting an eye, influence the
to Rotterdam.

"Pounds, shillings, and pe
say, rattling the coins in
"that's the yardstick that
men with. And don't tell m
doesn't bring happiness.

"Look at me. Am I hap
the world."

With money, Pullinger w
could command the best.
suite on the *Queen Mary*,
special trains, strawberries
at thirty shillings a plate.

"My Havanas are speci
and rolled for me. They co
sixpence a time, but they
Happy? When I go to be
long for the next day to be

And now, at the age of fo
planned to be happier still.
from eighteen onwards had
to heaping up riches. He'd
and late, schemed from da
night.

His life-plan was divide
parts. The first part, end
fortieth year, had succeede
dreams. He had made so
that he didn't know what
to a couple of hundred
pounds.

He approached the secon
no little excitement and an
confidence. To marry a wo
to have a son, and to make
envy of all his fellows.

He John Pullinger, would
of aristocrats whose wealt
fluence the destinies of nati
the councils of kings.

SUCH was Pullinger's an
had no doubt about it
He had always got wha
His money would buy hi
kind of wife, and luck wou
a son.

He was right. Impover
crats are no respecters of t
sons, and it was Lady
Bentley who fell to the b
ger's millions.

Pullinger bought Osyth
mansion in the heart of E
terraced with spreading la
in the midst of a deer-parl

He would have liked to rin
bells on the day his son w
did the next best thing.

The park was turned int
of coloured lights and v
Hundreds danced and refr
selves far into the night.
away without a souvenir of

And on that day Pulling
baby oak tree. The inscri
silver plate let into the tru

This tree was planted to
birth of Howard Vesey Pulli
1914.

A nice kid, Howard Ves
Chuckled and gurgled and
his toes all day long.

His father was anxious fo
and to understand so th
acquire the sense of posses

Two, four, ten years o
Vesey Pullinger looked
Quiet, with a blue, direct
sturdy frame. Sometimes,
he'd pause at the oak tree
thoughtful frown would m

TEN POUNDS AN ACORN

"JOHN BULL'S" 10-MINUTE STORY

By HEDLEY BARKER

On his twenty-first birthday Howard Vesey Pullinger picked a ten-pound note with every acorn plucked from an oak tree planted the day he was born—he also celebrated by proposing to Amy, the farmer's daughter.

AT the age of forty, Pullinger was a power in the land. Theatres, flour mills, farms, and multiple shops—all these had responded to his magic touch.

He wore a carnation in his buttonhole and a calculating expression on his face. When Pullinger bought shares, brokers rushed to collar them for a rise. Pullinger could swing millions, write a cheque for a king's ransom without batting an eye, influence the markets from Bombay to Rotterdam.

"Pounds, shillings, and pence," Pullinger would say, rattling the coins in his pocket, "that's the yardstick that I measure men with. And don't tell me that money doesn't bring happiness.

"Look at me. Am I happy? I'll tell the world."

With money, Pullinger would say, you could command the best. The Royal suite on the *Queen Mary*, the luxury of special trains, strawberries out of season at thirty shillings a plate.

"My Havanas are specially blended and rolled for me. They cost seven-and-sixpence a time, but they're worth it. Happy? When I go to bed at night I long for the next day to begin."

And now, at the age of forty, Pullinger planned to be happier still. All his years from eighteen onwards had been devoted to heaping up riches. He'd worked early and late, schemed from dawn till midnight.

His life-plan was divided into two parts. The first part, ending with his fortieth year, had succeeded beyond his dreams. He had made so much money that he didn't know what he was worth to a couple of hundred thousands of pounds.

He approached the second part with no little excitement and any amount of confidence. To marry a woman of title, to have a son, and to make that son the envy of all his fellows.

He John Pullinger, would found a line of aristocrats whose wealth should influence the destinies of nations and sway the councils of kings.

SUCH was Pullinger's ambition. He had no doubt about its fulfilment.

He had always got what he wanted. His money would buy him the right kind of wife, and luck would bring him a son.

He was right. Impoverished aristocrats are no respecters of their own persons, and it was Lady Mary Stuart-Bentley who fell to the bait of Pullinger's millions.

Pullinger bought Osyth Hall, a vast mansion in the heart of Kent, moated, terraced with spreading lawns, peaceful in the midst of a deer-park.

He would have liked to ring the church bells on the day his son was born. He did the next best thing.

The park was turned into a fairyland of coloured lights and vivid bunting. Hundreds danced and refreshed themselves far into the night. None went away without a souvenir of the occasion.

And on that day Pullinger planted a baby oak tree. The inscription on the silver plate let into the trunk ran thus:

This tree was planted to celebrate the birth of Howard Vesey Pullinger, June 20, 1914.

A nice kid, Howard Vesey Pullinger. Chuckled and gurgled and played with his toes all day long.

His father was anxious for him to talk and to understand so that he might acquire the sense of possessions.

Two, four, ten years old. Howard Vesey Pullinger looked a likely lad. Quiet, with a blue, direct gaze, and a sturdy frame. Sometimes, in the park, he'd pause at the oak tree and a solemn, thoughtful frown would mark his face.

He knew what the oak tree meant. His father had told him.

Away back on his fifth birthday, when he could barely take it in. For every acorn, when he was twenty-one, a ten-pound note was to be given him.

The big house, the vast park. Howard Vesey would get bored with the chandeliers and the flunkeys and the black swans on the lake.

Sometimes he'd be lost, and they'd find him over at Mollet's farm shoving the swing for Amy Mollet, or helping to muck out the cows, feed the pigs.

He'd stand struck with delight at the feel of an egg warm from the hen's nest.

They'd collar him, and cart him off home, and after a bath his father would say: "We'll have a chat, old man, eh?"

Lands, possessions, investments, first mortgages, the oak tree increasing its crop of acorns every year.

"I'm going to make you one of the richest men in the country, Howard. It'll be a tremendous responsibility. And power. You'll have power. Power to sway world markets, power over men's destinies."

"Yes, father."

At eighteen Howard Vesey Pullinger was up at Oxford with money to burn. When the long vacation was due his father wrote:

"I've got big ideas for you, son. All day long I'm dreaming about your future. You've heard of the Ruthersleys, of course. And Lady Anne Ruthersley is a lovely girl. With your money and hers you could found one of the most powerful families in Europe.

"And, by the way, a bit of news about the tree. At the last count on your nineteenth birthday the total was fifteen thousand acorns. You're going to cost me a pretty penny, you young rascal."

His mother had invited Lady Anne over to Osyth Hall for the long vacation. She was a lovely girl. She talked about racing, and cocktail-parties, and Monte Carlo, and she thought the acorn idea was too cunning.

HOWARD VESEY showed her the deer in the park and the oak tree with the silver plate. He had grown up into a big chap, a husky giant with a thoughtful frown and not much conversation.

He said: "Can you milk cows?"

"Well, of all—are you serious?"

"I know it's not a drawing-room accomplishment, but it's no end of fun. Come on. I'll take you over to Mollet's farm."

Howard Vesey showed her the pigs and the cattle, and the great Clydesdale horses. And when a girl in breeches with freckles and untidy hair hurried up with a smile, he said:

"This is Amy. I used to shove the swing for you, didn't I, kid?"

"It's ages since I saw you," said Amy.

"No," denied Howard Vesey. "It was only yesterday. Do you remember how I used to go all goofy about eggs warm from the nest?"

"Grand, wasn't it!" nodded Amy. "How are the acorns?"

"Coming along," said Howard Vesey. "How are the mushrooms in the twenty-acre?"

"Oh," said Amy, "we want more rain."

Back to Oxford. Economics, company law, industrial science. Howard Vesey Pullinger was fitting himself to become a rich man. Capital, labour, turnover, profit and loss.

On the night before his twenty-first birthday his father said:

"Well, son. You'll be the richest man of your age in the county to-morrow. I wouldn't mind betting that tree's going to cost me a cool hundred and fifty thousand."

It was half-past four in the morning when Howard Vesey started in. The pearl and pink of dawn, a soft breeze that didn't even stir the leaves.

With the help of a ladder and earnest concentration, he began counting the acorns.

Four hours later he humped four corn-sacks out of his car, cupped his hands over his mouth, and yelled for Amy.

"Why," she said, standing before him, "you look . . . different."

"Sort of goofy?" he grinned. He indicated the sacks.

"Kid—I've brought you something. Pig food. A hundred and forty-odd thousands pounds' worth."

Howard Vesey Pullinger laughed. "Milking-time, isn't it?" he said. "Let's get going. And, by the way, will you marry me?"

WITH LOVE FROM FRITZ

GERMANY'S search for war materials is so desperate that compulsory salvage includes all hair-cuttings of more than four millimetres long, which hairdressers are obliged to collect. These cuttings are used for making felt, and in the shoe and armament industries.

Not many church bells ring in Germany to-day. They could not, even if there were cause for Nazi jubilation, because almost all of them have been melted down.

Nor are there any copper coins in circulation. They, too, have found their way into the melting pot, and zinc coins have taken their place.

Just as we are proving more than a match for Germany by land, sea, and air, so we must also beat her in the race for raw materials of munitions. One sure way of doing this is by saving all our scraps and waste materials for the salvage man.

WHAT'S OUR SPACE VALUE TO-DAY?

IT'S the aim of a lot of people on this earth to "get themselves into the papers."

An odd sort of aim. Smith will live for fifty years and think of himself (privately) as a bit of a mess. But once he gets himself into the papers—for stopping a runaway horse, or for seeing the burglar run away from the bank, or for something else—he suddenly expects you to call him "sir" and turn round and look at him as he walks down the street.

I can't understand why it should be like this, but like this it certainly is.

* * *

Between a Smith who has got himself into the papers and a Smith who hasn't there is all the difference in the world.

He may not look any better, think any brighter, make more interesting conversation. He may be useless to everybody, including himself. But he's got himself into the papers. He stands out.

It follows, therefore, that the more you can get yourself into the papers the more you stand out. The bigger the space, the bigger the man.

Now, of the many things which made Hitler turn Hitleresque, of the many things that made Mussolini Mussolinise Italy, I am certain that this craze for getting into the papers was one.

I am certain that if they'd never been given a paragraph they'd have faded right out and gone in for plumbing. Think it over. I am certain of it.

But they got the space, and they got their wars, and where are we now?

They, at any rate, are in a very funny position. For their wars cut down the paper and that cut down the news, and now they have hardly any space at all.

Compare a newspaper for 1923 with a newspaper for 1943 and you'll see what I mean.

* * *

An Inquisitive Mind, born in 2000 A.D., will have a very different idea of our times from the idea we ourselves have got, if he goes through the newspaper files for the last quarter of a century.

He'll find that the exodus of half a million people from Hamburg was worth about two inches of space, but that the exodus of Derbygoers to Epsom in 1930 was worth half a page, with three pictures.

He'll find that Mrs. Whatsit's divorce case in 1925 was worth nine columns, but that all Mussolini was good for when he went out was half a column in the top right corner.

* * *

Taking us on our space value alone, the Inquisitive Mind of 2000 A.D. will be able to put some of us in a rather startling order.

First in importance, the Brighton Trunk Murderer. Second in importance, the man who sat on the top of a pole in Snake Bend for ninety hours. Third in importance, Hitler in 1943.

Mind, I'm not saying he'll be wrong.

A. G.

☆ *Breaking distance records, Mosquitoes flew by day to Jena in the heart of Germany to blast vital optical works: Hedge-hopping over factory roofs, dodging balloon cables, punished by flak, the tough wooden aircraft came home—mission accomplished*

The only wooden bomber, it's fast enough to give Goering a shock

Bombing Goering was Fun to This

AIR EPICS OF THE ACES—3
By ROY DONNE

SEVEN-miles-a-minuting past barrage balloon cables, "B" for "Beer" let go her bombs at point-blank range, climbed to top the tall target factory's roof, then wobbled like a winged bird!

A vivid explosion before his eyes momentarily blinded her pilot, something tugged at his left hand and left leg. . . .

It was just one more experience in the battle life of Wing Commander H. W. Reynolds, D.S.O., D.F.C., Mosquito-bomber ace and the leader who "blew Goering off the air."

A Breathless Leap

Of all his touch-and-go moments, none stir him more than that breathless leap over the Schott factory roof at Jena—in the daylight record-breaking distance flight into the heart of Germany when Mossies blasted the great optical works of Schott and Zeiss.

All he could take in during those critical split-seconds was that as he yanked "B" for "Beer's" stick back to clear the building something hit the air-screw, causing the blinding flash.

A blazing hail of tracer shells streaked up at him.

For dear life he dodged and twisted his craft to evade them and more balloon cables ahead.

Miraculously he missed them. Contact with any one of those deadly wires would have cut through his fast Mosquito like a knife going through butter.

Leaving the last behind, and with the withering flak dying down as he sped for home, came a breather to weigh up injury and damage and to thank his lucky stars.

Not that his luck was altogether above reproach.

For the first time he glanced at his twinging hand and leg. Both were bleeding freely.

One of three direct shell hits had holed "B" for "Beer" dangerously close to the port radiator and a main petrol tank.

Two large holes gaped in the fuselage near the throttle-box, where some fittings were blown away.

The Mossie was vibrating a lot, and he marvelled that she was still tough enough to stay in the air.

His inter-com. had packed up, cutting off that medium for conversation between himself and his observer, Flying Officer E. B. Sismore, D.F.C.

A shell splinter had severed the inter-com. lead just below his right ear and ripped through the collar of his battledress—his luck was in by inches!

Lights over the Reich

It stayed with him as "B" for "Beer" lapped up the homeward 500 miles—250 over German territory.

All the while the port radiator with the shell hole so near it caused him anxiety. He kept checking up the temperature for any rise, but it stayed steady and the vibration got no worse.

It was not till he nipped into the safety of cloud that his hand and leg could be bound up by his observer, and the airmen's thoughts raced back over the high spots of that amazing 1,000-mile sortie.

They saw themselves crossing the North Sea at wave-top height; then making, at full throttle, a quick dash over the heavily defended enemy coast—always the tensest moment.

Next at tree-top level dodging intermittent flak over occupied territory and the German border, observing at quieter moments the startled life below.

Children looking up and running for it as hard as they could as if expecting British airmen to machine-gun them as Germans gun infant Britons.

Scared birds darting wildly about, frequently narrowly missing the Mossie. Enemies of low-flying aircraft, their impact is almost like that of a bullet and serious damage sometimes results.

Then a rain of real bullets from a closely guarded German reservoir, and though no Mossie was hit, two of them collided and crashed immediately afterwards.

The rest, with fifty miles still to go, ran into bad weather, thick, low clouds covering the hills they had to climb.

Up they soared to scale them, hoping that perfect navigation and timing would save crashing into their sides.

Down again into low haze with darkness coming on and visibility so bad that "B" for "Beer's" captain took the risk of putting on his navigation lights till the other chaps picked him up again.

Lights on over Germany! It was a risk, but it worked. Wing Commander Blessing, leading the second section, followed suit and the formation got together again.

Twenty miles to go, visibility down to 1,500 yards—meaning that Reynolds and his men could see only a few seconds ahead!

Even so, they picked up various landmarks, knew they were dead on track, turned on to their run up, increased speed, opened bomb-doors.

Two miles now and no target in sight.

The Bombs went Down

A thousand yards—at last the tall factory chimneys.

In *five seconds* of this first sight of them their bombs would be going down—that's how fast they had to think and act.

In the brief time it took to count five "my observer pointed out to me the balloons and immediately the flak came up at us in bright red streams and unhealthily close," reported Reynolds.

"Now it was every man for himself. I picked out a tall building and went for it, releasing my bombs point-blank."

Finally, that blinding flash before his eyes over the factory roof.

And, with these vivid memories charging through his mind, here he was safe after it all, heading for home to complete one of the most amazing flights in the history of the Mossies.

Its stirring hazard and success are undimmed by comparison with the famous flight of this master pilot when his formation sent Goering scurrying for shelter.

Goering did not Speak

For it was Reynolds, bomber of Berlin both by day and by night, who led the first daylight raid on Berlin on that historic occasion when Goering was due to address the German nation at 11 a.m. from the microphone at his Air Ministry.

On the stroke of eleven the bombs of Reynolds and his men had gone down. Goering went down, too—for the count of one hour before he appeared at the mike.

A German gunner little guessed four months later that he had the Reich-Marshal's chief assailant over that factory top at Jena.

But the most dangerous of those shell splinters only severed the inter-com. just below the Mossie ace's ear and tore the collar of his battledress.

He evaded that one, not by his superlative skill, but, as he gratefully put it, by "the Grace of God!"

VOICE

HOW a pigeon saved the lives of an air crew in the Middle East is told in a letter from Sgt. J. F. Ramsey, R.A.F., in a letter to his mother at Eastbourne Street, Everton, Liverpool:

Sorry that I couldn't write sooner, but we were on the "Missing" list for a while and were only rescued in time to stop them notifying you that we had been "mislaid."

However, don't worry. We had a spell in hospital, suffering from exposure, bruises and a few odd cuts, etc. Now we are O.K. and they are sending us on leave, so it's an ill-wind——!

I am sending you a photograph of the pigeon that saved our lives. It happened when we were coming back from a "job." About a hundred miles from land we ran out of petrol and crashed into the sea.

When we hit the water we could not use the big dinghy, which was destroyed, so we used the two "one-man" dinghies for the four of us. It was a bit cramped, but they kept us up. As the sea was rough we tied each other in the dinghies—and took turns being sick. The salt water quickly stopped the bleeding from our cuts and scratches.

So we settled down to a life on the ocean waves. Our chief pastime was inventing Limericks, but they were not very brilliant efforts. Meanwhile, we saw several of our 'planes, which were unable to see us owing to the high seas.

We carry two homing pigeons with us. One was drowned when we came down, and the other, almost. However, we dried him (George is his name) as best we could, fixed a message giving our location to his leg and set him off. Blow me if George didn't go right into the "Drink" again! Bill went in after him and rescued the pigeon, who was once more dried, and later he took off again with our cheers to encourage him.

That pigeon was a real hero and as tough as they make 'em. It looked sick and miserable and was covered with oil—it was the sorriest-looking bird I have ever seen, but its heart was twice as big as itself. It flew a hundred miles back to the base with our message, and arrived almost dead beat.

They thought we were finished, until George arrived with contrary information tied to his right leg.

It was not many hours before the good old Navy came and picked us up, filled us with rum and food, and put us to bed. We were away just twenty-four hours, and it was not too bad. Perhaps the most uncomfortable part was the

POST HASTE

MERCHANT NAVY FORUM

LAST October a statement was issued dealing with problems of postal deliveries to and from ships. It didn't greatly help matters; Forum receives long-overdue letters from officers and men complaining bitterly of unnecessary delays. JOHN BULL pressed authority for adequate explanations, and to-day publishes part of the reply:

"Arrangements have been made for special Concession Telegrams by which relatives can send a message to a Merchant Seaman abroad *at inland rates* once monthly."

So far, so good. But Forum went a step farther: *If officers and men will send precise details of any postal complaint, fullest investigation will be made. If desired, the source of the complaint will be treated in strict confidence.*

And Forum demands to know the reason why a certain ship was allowed recently to change hands. Was it because the crew were forced to live like cattle, in "accommodation" no better than pigstyes?

Axis murderers will pay for *their* sea crimes; so, also, will any shipowner who refuses to treat the *real* dividend-earners as anything but casual labourers, "scum of dockland." British seamen don't *expect* "jam" to-morrow, but are prepared to boycott *any* shipowner who puts *self* first, last, and all the time.

Back once more to the urgent problems of letters: Some British seamen reported "missing, presumed dead" *might*—Forum uses that word advisedly—be held prisoner in Japan. Already this column has helped trace part of the crew of a vessel reported "lost with all hands."

The writer of this column, himself an ex-seaman, places his services at the disposal of officers, men and next-of-kin, pledging all his available assistance. Write to Forum with your problems and anxieties.

OF THE TROOPS

★ *Have you an interesting letter from a relative in the Forces? ONE GUINEA will be paid for each one published—more if a good adventure story is used at greater length—and all letters are returned. 10s. 6d. for Readers' Views. Address all letters to "Voice," JOHN BULL, 93, Long Acre, London, W.C.2.*

we had no water and no food, but it might have been much worse.

Pity we can't award a medal to George—he's a great guy, that bird!

SCHOOLS WANTED

Wherever the British "Tommy" sets his feet he at once makes friends with the children. The picture below shows A.C.I. F. Robbins, R.A.F., making friends in Madagascar. He writes to his niece at Stillingfleet Road, Barnes, S.W.13:

I had some more chocolate left and the news went round the native village like wildfire, with the result that I soon had many young friends to see me. You can see me in the picture dishing out the chocolate to the children, whose dark eyes fairly sparkled with pleasure.

It's a pity, Muffet, that someone doesn't educate these children. As it is, they haven't got a chance of a decent life like you. They grow up in squalid poverty. Sometimes they collect a few bananas and coconuts and stand by the roadside for hours trying to sell them. They have no schools and have never seen trains, pictures, books or shops.

And did those children enjoy the chocolate!

A STAR OF BRITAIN

THERE'S been many Star - famed battles; one name at the moment glows. The Star of Africa so bright where our men have brought our foes; to the stark and naked knowledge that we fight for Right's Retain, and their blood is spilled on the desert's sands where sleep our honoured slain. And all at home applaud them and are grateful beyond tell, but deep down in a myriad hearts they remember Britain's Hell. They recall the little children who were front-line casualties. Is there no Star that is bright enough to be bestowed on THESE?

WAS it then an Unstarred battle that our home heroes fought and poured their common blood upon this land with neither gun nor sword? When the R.A.F. went up and out, and up and out again! When they fought against appalling odds and only their souls stayed sane. When they slept for imperilled seconds to find for pillow the rocking skies, when they saved the world for FREEDOM with blood running in their eyes.

Will it remain a Starless battle? The answer must be "No."

STAR LIGHTS

After the strenuous campaign in North Africa, the troops there now have time for relaxation. L./Cp. S. R. Ward writes to a friend at Brendan Avenue, Somercotes, Derby:

We find more time now for a little entertainment, and I have at least one swim a day in the Mediterranean.

We have three cinemas for the troops, and a theatre for concert parties and variety shows. Last week Vivien Leigh, of "Gone With the Wind," was on the stage with Leslie Henson, Beatrice Lillie, Dorothy Dickson and several other stars, who gave us a smashing show.

General Montgomery came to see the performance, and didn't the boys give him a cheer when he came in!

IT GETS AROUND

JOHN BULL continues to be popular with the Forces in the four corners of the earth. Here's another tribute from Gnr. A. Emmons, R.A., serving with the B.N.A.F., in a letter to his sister at Western Road, Billericay, Essex:

The JOHN BULLS you send out here are greatly appreciated and are read by at least two hundred of the boys, who clamour for them when they arrive. Often we have discussions about the articles.

I have just returned from forty-eight hours' leave at the seaside—real seaside, too. Miles of sandy beach and the blue Mediterranean to swim in. We shall come home bronzed and handsome, I hope!

THE R.A.F. PUNCH

Trooper H. Bullen, 11th Hussars, B.N.A.F., was among the first troops to enter Tunis. He writes to his mother at Waterloo Road, Southampton:

I have seen some of the damage done to harbours and airfields by the R.A.F., and it beggars description.

Liners and ships of all kinds, some burned out and still afloat, others which had gone down stern first with their bows sticking up out of the water.

Airfields with all types of 'planes left behind by Jerry.

But the worst sight of all was a German ammunition train, which had been hit by one of our bombers. The engine had been blown 150 yards from the rails, and fragments of the train had come down within an area of three square miles. It must have been terrific.

CHARMING SNAKES

How Gnr. R. Edgar, R.A., serving in Africa, acted as an involuntary snake-charmer is told in a letter to his sister at Fingal Street, Glasgow:

The campaign had finished and we were encamped in a big wood, having an "easy" and waiting for further orders. The tents were up and we were settling down for the night.

As a sort of evening serenade I was playing softly on my mouth-organ, dreamily looking out into the night.

I must have played well, for, to my horror, a snake about five feet long came sliding into the tent, his head swaying to the rhythm of my music.

My music stopped suddenly, but the snake did not. I scrambled to my feet and dashed out of the tent, bawling for reinforcements. After a chase and a struggle we finished the snake—and now I'm known as the "Snake Charmer."

★ If you are in doubt, write to HUMANIST, at 93, Long Acre, London, W.C.2. You will receive a guinea if your letter is quoted on this page (without, of course, giving your name)

Is it wrong for the Archbishop to lead the nation in prayer?

ARE DAYS OF PRAYER JUSTIFIED?

FOUR years of total war!

If we had been told, that Sunday morning in September, 1939, that the fighting would be continuing furiously in 1943 we should have been appalled.

On the other hand, if we could have been told in September, 1940, when London was being bombed night after night and we were hourly expecting invasion, about the position three years later we should have been enormously encouraged.

Please don't think I am cavilling if I ask a question about this day of prayer, writes a man. I am not objecting to the idea—I think it is right. But I am always perplexed by the thought that in war both sides are praying for victory.

They appeal to the same God to assist them, and it is clear that one side will pray in vain.

We are taught that if we have sufficient faith our prayers will be answered, but if we pray selfishly or for wrong things ought we to expect our faith to be rewarded?

The whole subject is full of difficulties. I have asked several clergymen, but I have never been given a satisfying answer. It is perhaps unfair to put such a problem to you, but I do wish you would tackle the question on your page.

It would be a crazy sort of world if we could pray for wrong things and have them automatically granted.

I know a man who prayed that he might come out top in an examination. He was among the "also rans" in the result. The man who came top was a man who had worked for it.

"Heaven helps those who help themselves." The war is won by the side which has the best men and the best equipment. That is surely commonsense.

BUT if we pray for strength in the day of adversity, it is only fair that we should pray for guidance and wisdom in the day of success.

The most Christian prayer I have heard about in this war came from the great Chinese Generalissimo—Chiang Kai-shek. After a horrible air raid by the Japanese he prayed that he might not be filled with hatred for the enemy; he prayed for Japanese Christians and the poor workers who were being exploited to make war possible; he prayed for the bombed; he prayed for the men who did the bombing.

Not many Christian leaders in this country have risen to that height of idealism.

We are profoundly thankful that in this war, after so many setbacks, it does seem that right and justice are prevailing over the devilish creed of the aggressors; and there is some deep instinct that makes people want to express that feeling of thankfulness. It is as natural as saying: "Thank you."

Another letter comes from a young man about the promises of a better Britain after the war is over.

Before the war started, he writes, young people were content just to enjoy life, and they knew nothing of politics. These young people are now old for their years, and it is they who will be called upon to create the new world.

But the plans will be made under those who led us into the present war.

My friends of peaceful days are all fighting to save the world from evil. I am not fighting, because I am suffering from tuberculosis, medical treatment for which has cost my parents a lot of money.

I have nothing to be thankful for. I was born into this world to taste of happiness for a little while and only to be saddened by its evils.

Tell me, Humanist, why should I help to build a new Britain under guidance of those who are responsible for the state of affairs to-day? Cannot we young people build it under our own guidance?

We all hope that youth will play a bigger part in world affairs in the future.

At the end of the last war our young people were exhausted and disillusioned. They lived a hectic life in dancing halls and night clubs and seemed to have lost all faith.

The period between 1920 and 1930 was a bad time, but we are not going to repeat our mistakes. We don't want another world-war in 1960.

The ordinary common man has had to bear the brunt of this war, and he is going to take a bigger share in shaping the post-war world. He will see to it that younger people will be given a chance to make good. I believe they will take it.

VERY many letters reach me from people who profess to be able to predict the end of the war.

They came in scores when the war started and they were all wrong. Some prophecies were derived from the pyramids, others from mystic numbers in the Book of Daniel, and others from fortune-tellers.

For some months there has been a lull in these predictions, but lately they have started again. But nobody knows when the end will be, and our duty is to continue the struggle.

The famous preacher Spurgeon once watched a man hammering at a stone without the slightest result, until at last it suddenly broke in two. "Do you know which stroke broke that stone?" asked the man. "It looked like the last, didn't it? But it was the first, and the last, and every one in between!"

I fancy the end will be something like that.

Write to "John Bull" About it

DIPHTHERIA

IS DEADLY-

Protect your Child. Apply at once to your Council Offices, School or Welfare Centre—treatment is free.

IMMUNISATION IS THE SAFEGUARD

FACTS ABOUT DIPHTHERIA

Even the best-cared-for child can get Diphtheria—it is not due to dirt or drains—and there are no "safe" areas. Diphtheria is one of the worst dangers to children. It is particularly deadly to children under six years of age. Even when not fatal, it may have ill effects which last a lifetime.

FACTS ABOUT IMMUNISATION

It is SAFE and simple. If an immunised child gets Diphtheria it is usually in a mild form. Immunisation gives almost certain protection against death from Diphtheria. Only two treatments are necessary. The best time is soon after the first birthday. Protection takes three months to develop so get your child treated NOW, ready for the Winter.

Issued by the Ministry of Health and the Central Council for Health Education.

D5/1s

CATARRH HEAD COLDS, 'FLU

Get Instant Relief With

REGD. TRADE MARK

NOSTROLINE

SCIENTIFIC NASAL REMEDY

All Chemists 1/3, Tax Extra

TAKE

PURITAN SALTS for RHEUMATISM

REDI-BILT INTERLININGS

KEEP YOUR SUIT IN BETTER SHAPE

LOOK FOR THIS SEAL ON YOUR NEXT SUIT

Gosh — it's good

FLAG SAUCE

of course

STOP PRESS

ZONING RESTRICTIONS

Batger & Co. Ltd. wish to announce to their many friends that Zoning Restrictions will make it impossible for their customers in the North and Midlands to purchase "Chinese" Figs or Silmos Lollies.

We are sure that these restrictions will be cheerfully accepted as a part of the National War Effort.

BATGER & CO. LTD., *Makers of* "Chinese" Figs and Silmos Lollies

HARLEQUIN INTERVAL

THE ingredients that helped to make Harlequin Sponge Puddings famous are now unobtainable, so no more until victory is won and peace returns.

HARLEQUIN SPONGE PUDDINGS

"Walters"

Palm Toffee

DELICIOUS, NOURISHING

Best Coupon Value!

Controlled price 6d per ¼ lb.

LAST LAUGH

H. B. (King's Lynn).—"Mussolini stopped all progress in Italy for twenty years. What are we going to do about him?" *Not* replace the stopper.

S. F. (Luton).—"I shall be married for the fourth time next week." No scarcity of matches.

T. C. (Swanley).—"My son painted a garden picture so realistic that garden pests actually wasted half an hour trying to eat it." Green-fly!

G. S. T. (Axminster).—"B.B.C. comedians always read their jokes. Have they bad memories?" Depends on how long since they read them

T. J. (Chester).—"If it wasn't for sausages, what should we get in the way of meat half the week?" Not a sausage.

B. G. (Dorchester).—"For me the country is at its best when it is at its quietest—not covered with people." Scene and not herd.

ACTOR (Stoke).—"The audience applauded me in the scene where I was thrust into prison." You were clapped in jail?

L. M. (Hereford).—"I used to call her the light of my life until she started hiding things from me." Thus leaving you in the dark.

S. D. (Ealing).—"Although the new trousers came well over my shoes I was quite pleased with my tailor." He suited you down to the ground, eh?

M. T. (Rickmansworth).—"My husband disagreed with me that to throw an egg away is a very rash thing but can you show me a rasher?" Not just now; we finished our bacon ration yesterday.

H. (Liverpool).—"I'd like to recapture my boyhood thrill of finding shells on the beaches." Put your name down for the next invasion exercise.

P. P. (Salford).—"I put the blame for my first attack of lumbago on my laundry." Many blame the lawn.

DOUBTER (Walsall). — "Is the world really round?" Well, maybe not quite as round as it was before the war.

S. O. S. (Salford).—"The greatest bane of the quiet person's life, I think is the lady next door who is always speaking out." Some would hold that the greatest bane is the lady next door always listening-in.

BILL (Cardiff).—"Take all our girls out of the country and where would we men be then?" Out of the country.

OLD BILL: By Bruce Bairnsfather

"Didn't you 'ear what the Bishop said at that Church Parade? His hexact words was, 'If yer don't ruddy well finish this —— war the right —— way, there'll be another —— one in twenty —— years!'"

Side-Slips

NUNEATON DAILY TRIBUNE:—"Applications are invited for the PESTS of . . ."

DAILY TELEGRAPH AND MORNING POST:—". . . by slipping out of town for week-end DRIPS. . . ."

BELFAST TELEGRAPH:—". . . and Mrs. —— presented to Mrs. —— an ELOQUENT handbag."

EVENING STANDARD:—"Can you name the Marshal of Irish descent who was the THIRD FRENCH REPUBLIC?"

EVENING TIMES: — ". . . the French National Committee of Liberation was set up as the single authority for all Frenchmen seeking to free France from the German JOKE."

EMPIRE NEWS:—"Roosevelt has sent message to the POPS . . ."

GREATEST OF THESE

● Discharged from the Army two years ago, Samuel McMahon, of Sunderland, has just returned home from a Ministry of Pensions hospital after lengthy treatment for war injuries.

He has a pension of 17s. 9d. a week, but is unemployed, because he is fit only for light work, and that is hard to find even in these days.

With a wife and two sons under thirteen to support, the family has a hard struggle to live, particularly as the lad of thirteen is suffering from meningitis

We are assured by the vicar of the parish where this applicant lives that any help given to this family would be deserved.

Will our generous readers send what they can to help Mr. McMahon to overcome his misfortunes?

Donations earmarked "Light Work," or for our General Fund, should be addressed to the Secretary, JOHN BULL War Sufferers' Fund,* Box 44, 64, Long Acre, London, W.C.2.

Acknowledgments are sent where names and addresses are given, but we are equally grateful to those who send us donations anonymously.

Lists of subscriptions are kept at this office, and a copy of the current week's will be sent on application.

All administration expenses are gladly borne by JOHN BULL.

**Registered under the War Charities Act, 1940, as "The JOHN BULL War Sufferers' Fund."*

1st PRIZE £100—'BULLETS' 1,388

G. Fulcher, 60, Hunter Rd., Catton Grove, Norwich, for this "Bullet":

A KINDNESS

DO—FORGET—DON'T FORGET!

£10: Miss G. Brooker, Rose Cottage, Rodmersham Green, Sittingbourne.
Must Be Remembered—After Sicily, Steeper "Mountains."

£5: M. Chisholm, Cantraydown, Croy, Gollanfield, Inverness.
Has To Be Crushed—Before Liberty's "Flower" Appreciated.

£4: J. Henshaw, 12, Wrightson Ave., Warmsworth, Doncaster.
Good Night's Sleep—"Unconditional Surrender" Warming Us.

£3: W. H. Dormer, 35, Dovehouse Fields, Lichfield.
Beware Of Selfness And—Prevent Another European "Quagmire"!

£2: T. Jackson, 61, Kemp St., Fleetwood.
Nearly Killed Him—Commando's Leave—Queueing, Shopping!

RADIOS For "BULLETS" SEE NEXT PAGE

6 of 30s.:
L. S. Bond, 24, Kemp Rd., Winton, Bournemouth.
Bloodcurdling Yell—Yet Hamburg's Only Pin-prick.
G. A. Grange, 34, Broadway, Blackpool
Just Two Bad—Tree-cutching? Welsh Germany Blame!
Miss J. Sennett, 27, Rowan St., Leicester.
Has To Be Constantly—"Checked," Baby's "Cool Consumption"!
H. Scholes, 4, Marley Drive, Park Rd., Bale.
Helped With The Harvest—And Stored Golden Memories.
C. Sullivan, 14, Church St., Modbury.
Black Diamonds—Nadine's Book "Hangs On."
Mrs. L. Turner, c/o 79, Albany Rd., Romford.
Makes Grandpa Tired—The Other Survivor's Story!

A list of 20 winners of 10s. can be seen at these offices; 1,250 Merit Awards have also been posted.

5 BIG CHEQUES

WON IN XWORD 340

WINNING WORDS: 1. Paper. 2. Change. 3. Swift. 4. Well. 5. Snap. 6. Walk. 7. Miss or Mist. 8. Aria. 9. Boat. 10. Loves. 11. Gas. 12. Cake. 13. Barks. 14. Ovals.

£100 SHARERS: A. S. Andrews, 11, Abady House, London, S.W.1; L. A. Bently, 47, Rochford Way, Croydon, Surrey; J. B. Moorhouse, 16, Binley Rd., Coventry; A. Spink, 34, Cornwall Rd., Bradford; Mrs. A. M. White, Flaxdon, Old Netley, Burnham, Southampton.
Runners-up Awards value £25 shared between 25 entrants.

JOHN BULL ANNOUNCES

A THRILLING TREAT FOR THE KIDDIES

THE FAVOURITE WONDER BOOK

320 BIG PAGES
140,000 WORDS
240 PICTURES

Here are some of the authors and artists who have made the "Favourite Wonder Book" so thrilling. Lewis Carroll, The Brothers Grimm, Kenneth Grahame, Walter de la Mare, John Keats, Charles Dickens, A. A. Milne, John Masefield, L. A. G. Strong, A. P. Herbert, Edgar Spenceley, Eleanor Farjeon, etc., etc.

IT'S A WONDERFUL BOOK!
HOURS OF HAPPINESS FOR THE CHILDREN

Here's great news for "John Bull" readers! A special opportunity to secure a beautiful children's book at a Privilege Price.

"THE FAVOURITE WONDER BOOK" is a treasure-house of everything which children love—a galaxy of stories, poems, pictures, from that world of make-believe which is so real to them. In its 320 big pages are tales of adventure, romance, mighty deeds, fairy folk, magic, phantasy and fun. Knights, cowboys, pirates, fairies, dragons, Princesses, pass in a glittering procession before young eyes—told in immortal words and illustrated with nearly 250 pictures, including a glorious full-colour frontispiece.

It's not really too early to think of Christmas presents—there may be a shortage later on—get this book NOW! Perhaps a child you love will be having a birthday soon. This book means happiness to that child.

But remember, the Edition is limited and you should complete and post the Order-Label, together with remittance, AT ONCE.

STANDARD EDITION bound in Blue Book-cloth, beautifully embossed, with title in gilt lettering, price 5s. 6d., which includes carriage, packing, insurance, etc.

DE LUXE EDITION richly bound in superb Scarlet Art Leather-cloth, embossed in real Gold, with a dust-proof jacket executed in brilliant full colour, price 6s. 6d., which includes carriage, packing, insurance, etc.

DO THIS NOW!

Fill in Order-Label below. Indicate Edition required and post at once, together with P.O. for correct amount according to Edition required, to: ODHAMS PRESS LTD., "Favourite Wonder Book," Book Dept., J.B.1, Kings Langley, Herts. Make P.O. payable to Odhams Press Ltd., and cross "& Co." This offer applies only in Great Britain, N. Ireland and Eire. *If from N. Ireland or Eire, country must also be stated clearly on the label below.*

BOOKS WITH CARE — Carriage Paid Home

Name .....

Address .....

Town ..... County .....

If undelivered return to Book Dept., Odhams Press Ltd., Kings Langley, Herts.

STANDARD EDITION 5/6

DE LUXE EDITION 6/6

Strike out Edition NOT required.

J.B.1. 4/9/43

F.W.B.

3 reasons for using Harpic to clean the lavatory

1 EASY TO USE
To clean the lavatory, all you need to do is sprinkle a little Harpic into the bowl and leave as long as possible (last thing at night is a good idea). Then flush.

2 THOROUGH
Harpic's cleansing action is thorough and effective, reaching right into the S-bend at the back. The whole bowl is clean and sanitary—the part you *don't* see as well.

3 DISINFECTS AS WELL
Not only does Harpic remove all discoloration — it cleans, disinfects, and deodorizes the whole pan.

HARPIC

Fynnon Salt brought him relief from

NEURITIS

"I was reading through my paper and I noticed an advertisement with a testimonial of the power there is in FYNNON SALT *I myself used to suffer with* NEURITIS *and was advised to take Fynnon and* BEFORE LONG WAS BEGINNING TO FEEL THE BENEFIT. *I am* QUITE FREE *from the complaint now."* (*Signed* T. B.)

Fynnon Salt helps to purify the bloodstream, flushes liver and kidneys, eliminates from the body the toxins which contribute to rheumatism and kindred troubles. Large tin of Fynnon 1/6. Trial size 7d. *Prices include Purchase Tax.* Get yourself a tin today!

Take

Fynnon Salt

if you suffer from
RHEUMATISM, GOUT, LUMBAGO, NEURITIS or SCIATICA

Fynnon Ltd., Brentford, Middlesex 519

USE this Medicinal & Toilet Soap every day for SKIN HEALTH & BEAUTY

Cuticura Soap gives your skin a mild, but thorough antiseptic cleansing which clears away blemishes and restores radiant youthful loveliness.

Cuticura SOAP

INDIGESTION QUICKLY RELIEVED

A sufferer writes: . . . "As a last resort, I started taking Maclean Brand Stomach Powder. The results were marvellous. In a very short time I could eat anything I fancied, and hold it down. . . ."

The wide popularity of Maclean Brand Stomach Powder is convincing evidence of its efficacy in relieving Heartburn, Flatulence, Nausea, and Stomach Pains due to Indigestion, and in safeguarding against Gastritis and Stomach Ulcer.

Price 2/3 and 5/7½d.
Also in Tablet Form 7d., 1/5 and 2/3 (Inc. Tax).

Maclean Brand Stomach Powder and Tablets are only genuine if signed "ALEX. C. MACLEAN."

£150 for John Bull's ENTERTAINING XWORD!

First Prize for this week's Xword £100 Cash ..... Awards value £25 between Runners-up

£25 CASH BONUS

REMEMBER—for EXTRA £25 ENTER NEXT WEEK, TOO!

Xword No. 340 Result Page 14. Post this week's coupon to address at foot

CLUES Answer every clue by entering letter in entry column.	3d Entry-fee for 1 Col.	3d	3d	3d
1 THESE OF VARIED COLOURS MAKE LANDSCAPE MORE ATTRACTIVE TO SOME	T NTS			
2 IT'S TAKING RISK FOR HIM TO GO FAR OUT TO REACH BALL	BAT ER			
3 THIS OF PLANT IS APT TO BE ATTACKED BY PESTS	T P			
4 PRISONER OF WAR HAS OFTEN ASSISTED IN GETTING OUT OF PRISON BY	ARK			
5 MOST ECONOMICAL USE OF ONE IS ESSENTIAL TO-DAY	CAR ER			
6 GARDENER LIKES TO SEE THESE FULLY OCCUPIED	BE S			
7 MOTOR-CARS HAVE INCREASED THESE	CAM ERS			
8 MANY AN OUTSTANDING ONE IS LOST IN THE TURMOIL OF BATTLE	AC			
9 ISN'T LIKELY TO DRY UP EXCEPT AFTER SEVERE DROUGHT	UMP			
10 IN SUMMER, WE SHOULD TRY TO KEEP	CO L			
11 TO KEEP THIS WHEN CHALLENGED, GREAT EFFORT IS PROBABLY NEEDED	ALM			
12 SOMETIMES A SIGN OF RANK	BA ON			
13 GOOD FAIRY IS A STORY MAY WELL HAVE SOMETHING TO DO WITH ONE	G ANT			
14 SOME PEOPLE ARE SPENDING HOLIDAYS AT HOME OWING TO SHORTAGE OF	DI S			

I agree to enter in accordance with Rules and enclose necessary P.O. or stamps entry-fee, including 1d. for "Gazette" dated Sept. 25.

P.O. Value.....
No. .....
Signed .....
Address .....
344

CLOSING POSTMARK MONDAY, SEPT. 13

8 COLUMNS FOR ONLY 1/6

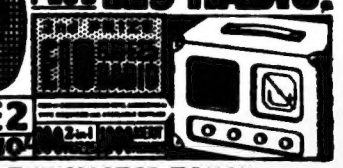
To the 4 cols. on coupon you may add extra 4 cols. in blank margin on right. Total entry-fee for 8 cols. is 1s. 6d. only, including TWO FREE

CUT ROUND THIS LINE

RULES 1.—First Prize in Bullets will be awarded for best Bullet received, and other prizes in order of merit, the test being cleverness, aptness and originality. Xword First Prize will go to the competitor submitting most meritorious set of Answers to Clues provided, test in this case being aptness and accuracy of Answers in relation to Clues. Prize divided in event of tie or ties. Not more than one Xword Prize per contest, or one share of extra £25, allowed to any one entrant. Complete Xword in ink, not pencil. 2.—The Editor undertakes that every entry in Bullets and Xwords shall receive careful consideration by staff of competent adjudicators. 3.—To cover 1d. Bulletin charge and entry-fee enclose P.O. or stamps—6d. per two Bullets or 6d. per two Xword columns used. Two Xword columns FREE with each six paid. Two Bullets FREE with each four paid. If P.O. used, make payable to JOHN BULL, cross /& Co/-, write name and address on back. Coupons must not be mutilated. Members of H.M. Forces allowed half-rate entry-fee if coupons personally completed and Service rank indicated. 4.—Entries are only accepted on the condition that results of this week's Contest to appear in "John Bull" dated Oct. 2, also Editor's decision in any matter of dispute, are accepted as final and legally binding. Employees of Odhams Press Ltd. and their families not eligible.

RADIO PRIZES FOR 'BULLETS' AGAIN!

1st PRIZE £50 CASH PLUS £25 RADIO!



£5 £4 £3 £2

6 of 30d. 20 of 10d.

USE any of these "EXAMPLES"

TO make a Bullet simply add TWO, THREE or FOUR words of apt and original comment to any of the Examples below. Winners on page 14 show you various ways to score. Joy Wire Day—Friday, Sept. 24.

MANKIND NEEDS
LESSON FOR POSTERITY
TIDE OF VICTORY
TO EVERY MAN
WASTED YEARS
CURE FOR NAZI-ISM
FALLING LEAVES
THINGS WENT WRONG AND
TRUTH'S SEARCHLIGHT
GETS NO MEDAL

BULLETS 1,388 RESULT appears on page 14

THE MASTER TOUCH
DESPITE THE DANGER
TRIUMPHAL PROGRESS
GIRL IN WHITEHALL
FINE WORDS
ON THE DOWN GRADE
FLOOD OF RUMOURS
SAFE IN HARBOUR
ON THE RADIO
DAD'S GOT TOOTHACHE, SO

Six "Examples" below for completion with any ONE additional word of your choice in the position indicated by dotted line. Then make your "Bullets" as usual.

PEACE WITH.....
WAITING FOR.....
ONE MORE.....
LIES IN THE .....
HITLER'S LAST .....
FATE OF THE.....

EXAMPLE
BULLET
EXAMPLE
BULLET
EXAMPLE
BULLET
EXAMPLE
BULLET
EXAMPLE
BULLET

2 FREE BULLETS allowed with 4 paid—enter in blank margin below.

I agree to enter in accordance with the Rules and enclose P.O. or stamps entry-fee at the rate of 6d. for each two paid Bullets, my remittance including 1d. for "Bullets" Bulletin dated Sept. 25. IF INK RUNS, USE PLAIN PAPER OR COUPON SIZE.

P.O. Value.....
No. .....
Closing Postmark, 1,392 Monday, Sept. 13
Signed .....
Address.....

CUT ROUND THIS LINE

ADDRESS ENTRY "Bullets" No. 1,392—or Xword No. 344, "JOHN BULL," LONG ACRE, LONDON, W.C.2 (Comp.).

EXPRESSIONS OF SATISFACTION

"It's a piece of Cake"

"'Another great fighter sweep' the papers will call it tomorrow, but it was 'a piece of cake' for me. It's certainly given me a whale of an appetite. What about going to the canteen for a cup of tea and a piece of cake. That'll keep us going. And very nice, too!"

CAKE & BISCUIT MANUFACTURERS WAR-TIME ALLIANCE LTD

Remember that supplies are limited so don't buy more than your share.

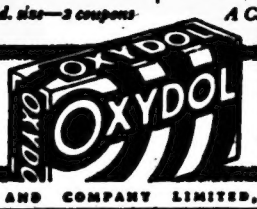
CVS—110

BUSY BUBBLE'S HELPING HAND

MAKE DO AND MEND WASHDAY WISDOM

Yes, careful washing is what makes clothes last longer, fabrics will not stand up to hard rubbing in the washtub. Oxydol, the amazing granulated soap washes everything spanking clean safely and gently. It's true that Oxydol's 'Busy Bubble' lather gives longer life to your clothes, so saves your precious clothes coupons.

3½d. size—1 coupon, 7d. size—3 coupons *A Class 1 Product. At your shop.*

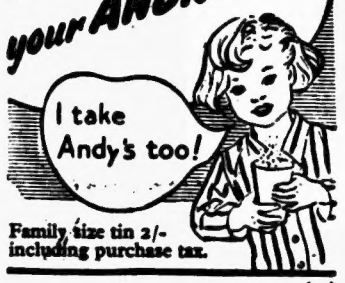


REMEMBER This is the second week of Ration Period No. 2 (Aug. 29-Sept. 4)

DON'T FORGET to read Mrs. Mundy's Helping Hand. It's on the back of your packet of Oxydol.

THOMAS HEDLEY AND COMPANY LIMITED, NEWCASTLE-ON-TYNE

Excuse me— ***for INNER CLEANLINESS*** *be regular with your* ***ANDREWS***



Family size tin 2/- including purchase tax.

(33)

Aching Backs

"Every Picture tells a Story"

may be warnings of excess uric acid and harmful wastes left in the blood by Lazy Kidneys

DO PAINS strike across the small of the back? Are you afraid to bend or straighten afterwards? Do you feel tired, nervy and depressed? Is the urine disordered and your rest disturbed? Do weather changes bring on rheumatic twinges? These are all symptoms which Doan's Backache Kidney Pills successfully combat, since they frequently arise from sluggish kidney action.

Doan's Pills succeed in bringing back ease and comfort because they stimulate and flush out the kidney filters, so helping them to regain normal, natural activity.

Backache, lumbago, rheumatic complaints and urinary troubles disappear when the impurities which cause them are expelled from the system by healthy kidney and bladder action.

2/8, 3/8 (inc. tax). *Ask your Chemist for*

DOAN'S Backache Kidney Pills

SEE THIS HEEL?

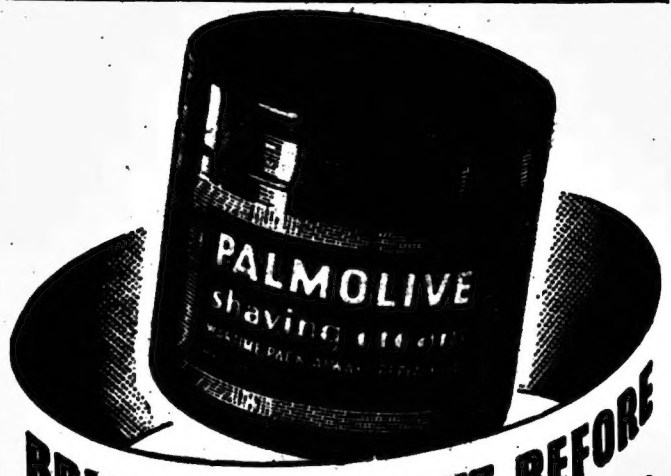
Well, listen...

The rubber shortage is so serious that *no* heel may be made today — except of *regenerated rubber.*

You who ordinarily wear rubber heels know only too well that in war-time the rubber heel has greater value than ever because of its tremendous economy.

Therefore, you may ask "What shall I lose in economy — now that heels are made from regenerated rubber?" The answer is that Goodyear, the largest makers of rubber products in the world, are still able to bring to bear — on the manufacture of heels made from regenerated rubber — such a wealth of experience and skill that the resulting product is a miracle of fine quality in war-time. And so today it is still true that Goodyear heels give you relatively the utmost satisfaction it is possible to obtain. It's wise to ask your shoe repairer to fit Goodyear!

GOODYEAR



BRISTLES FADE OUT BEFORE PALMOLIVE Shaving Cream

Its rich, olive-oil lather gives the double luxury of a smooth shave and a soothed and comforted skin. Softening the beard in one minute, its strong bubbles— which last at least ten minutes— keep bristles erect for the razor.

PRICES: 1/6 & 2/6 *Including Tax*

Printed in Great Britain and Published Weekly by the Proprietors, ODHAMS PRESS Ltd., Long Acre, London, W.C.2. Registered at the G.P.O. as a Newspaper. Registered for transmission by Canadian Magazine Post. Agencies for Australia & New Zealand: Gordon & Gotch, Ltd. For South Africa: Central News Agency, Ltd. Agents for Canada: Imperial News Co., Ltd., also Canadian Wholesale Newsdealers' Association, Ltd. For America: International News Co., 131, Varick Street, New York, U.S.A.